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SWITZERLAND.

Swiss Scenery.—Zurich—Worship in Zwingle's Church.—Comparison of Catholicism and Protestantism.—Ascent of Mount Righi.—The recent civil war in Switzerland.

[From Rev. H. W. Bellows' Correspondence in the Christian Inquirer]

INTERLACHEN, *July* 30, 1848.

We have already been ten days in Switzerland. We entered it from Milan by the way of Como, and the pass of the Splugen, commonly allowed to be the most grand and striking of all the high-road passes of the Alps. It has been our settled purpose to cross the Helvio; but, unhappily, that pass is now the scene of actual war.

There is a great charm to the traveller in approaching a country where nature herself is the first object, and where the mind, reposing itself from a painful and studious wonder at the works of men, or laborious attempts to realize the past, gives itself freely up to the spontaneous emotions which the sublimity and beauty of nature awaken. In Italy we have felt all the while a fatiguing sense of our incompetency to receive all that art and history were ready to teach us. In spite of all the unspeakable pleasure we have enjoyed there, we passed its boundaries with a feeling of relief, as if we should not like, at once, to repeat the strain upon the nerves, the attention, the mind, and heart, which its wonderful riches occasion. We entered Switzerland as boys go from their lessons to their play. How rapid and surprising is the transit, and how complete the contrast! Leaving the plains of Lombardy, the harvesting fields, and the abundant fruits, and the hot sun, the black-haired Italian, with his graceful figure, and his liquid tongue—leaving the open churches, the campanilos, the stone houses of Italy,—a single day's journey carries you in among a world of mountains, where another climate, another season of the year, another race of people, another, language, another currency, another class of interests, another religion, another sort of architecture, burst upon you. If you had fallen off the edge of this world and lighted on another, the change could hardly be greater! To pass from the flattest province in the world to the most mountainous one, from the softest language to the harshest, from the handsomest race of people to the region of goitre and deformity, where beauty in man or woman is the rarest exception; from Catholic splendor to Protestant simplicity; from the domes or broad facades of the Italian churches to the sharp spires of Switzerland, from stone dwellings to wooden chalets—is realizing the beauty or force of contrast to an extent not often granted us.

It would be idle to attempt any new description of the general characteristics of Swiss scenery. Mountainous regions are all very much alike, and those who have travelled in the most hilly parts of New England, or even the Alleghanies, have only to multiply all the proportions and effects they witnessed, by four or by ten, as the case may be, to bring Switzerland before them. Perhaps those who travel for the first time among the White Mountains at home, get all the effect of sublimity from this kind of scenery, which ordinary persons like ourselves, are capable of receiving. We confess that we have seen little that has taken us by surprise in Switzerland! A New England education has forestalled almost every peculiarity in the landscape. All the contrasts of nature are presented here, unquestionably, in a more vivid form. The snowy tops and verdant skirts of the mountains, the bold bald cliffs, and cultivated steeps that stand opposite each other, the habitations hung up in fields that are themselves suspended from the clouds, the frequent and lofty water-falls; the confusion of rock and cloud, of solid peak and airy turret, all doubtless make the scenery here more striking and rich than is anywhere else to be seen. But yet, there is something left even here for the imagination to desire. The mountains do not appear as lofty as we know they are, or had expected them to look. They are in this respect like the waves of the ocean. Language overcomes the laws of gravitation so much more easily than land or water, that the usual descriptions of the agitations of both, are far loftier than the reality. In fact, the clouds themselves are not very far from the level of the ocean, and it does not take a very large pimple on the earth's surface to have its head hid among them. It would take a mountain at least twenty miles high, to satisfy the expectations with which we, and most travellers perhaps, approach the Alps.

The general level of Switzerland, of her lakes and valleys, is so high that every mountain there loses some two or three thousand feet to the eye of the spectator.—We have found the ascent of mountains the only means of realizing their height, and must confess that this method of measurement is not likely to disappoint anybody's estimate of their loftiness. It is mortifying to find how soon the most stupendous works of nature and art becomes familiar and common things! The great roads, which form one of the most peculiar and splendid features of this country, speedily grow to be so much a matter of course, that a stair-case in the side of a precipice up which the lumbering diligence travels, for a thousand feet, without going three hundred rods at any time from an imaginary straight line drawn from the top to the bottom, seems to lose its power to excite or surprise us. We very soon find it not at all strange that fields of snow should divide our prospects with gardens and orchards of the greenest luxuriance, or that with a mountain above us of the first magnitude, we should have a valley below us, in which men and cattle are barely distinguishable. We confess that it has been a serious disappointment to us to find how much more exacting our imaginations are than the laws of nature render it possible for any effects of scenery to meet.

It is undoubtely true, that this country grows upon those who stay here long enough to reconcile their expectations to the scale of things in this material universe. But we are inclined to think that few see Switzerland for the first time without disappointment, and that most persons enjoy more the recollections of the country when, on leaving it, they are brought back to the ordinary scale of landscape, than when amid its own exaggerated scenery.

If our readers will now please to forget the few foregoing paragraphs, we will proceed to the glorious inconsistency of admiring to the top of our bent, any particular scene which may have struck us on our journey, and we do not promise that we will not take back, or flatly contradict anything we have herein said, if upon further experience, we are of another opinion.

But to return to our journey. Leaving Coire, after descending the famous Via Mala, we passed through the wild lake of Wallenstadt, the most interesting in its scenery of all Swiss lakes, the famous Luzerne not excepted, and then through the mild lake of Zurich, which, leaving out its distant prospect, bears a striking resemblance to Seneca Lake, and so on to the city of Zurich; with which we will occupy another letter.

H. W. B.

INTERLACHEN, *July* 30, 1848.

At the extreme northern end of the lake, lies this beautiful little city, of about twenty thousand souls, right at the water's edge: in the fore ground a mild cultivated scenery, like the Champlain; but in the distance, ranges of snow mountains. We rested there over the Sabbath. Zurich was the first Protestant town we saw on the Continent; and it would be difficult to say how distinct and strong our satisfaction was, in breathing again a Protestant atmosphere, and standing amid a people with whom we had religious sympathy. We attended church in the very edifice in which *Zwingle* commenced the Reformation in Switzerland! On these confines of Romanism, where villages and cities are still divided against themselves by opposite tendencies, and where the Catholic altar and the Protestant pulpit still dispute the ground, Protestantism, wherever it does get possession, wears its most uncompromising aspect. It is grim, solemn, stern, bald; everything, in short, which Romanism is not. The old minster of Zurich, built in the 11th century, and of course then a Catholic church, but now the principal Protestant church, and the one, as we have said, where Zwingle first denounced the sins and errors of Romanism, retains its old magnificence externally. But all that the severest Puritanism could do to strip the interior of any remains of Catholic splendor and taste, has been done. The plainest old New England meeting-house surpasses it in display and convenience. An unpainted wooden pulpit, thirty feet in the air, and rows of pine benches below, furnish the sanctuary. A clergyman without gown, and distinguished only by bands, preached in harsh German, without once taking his eyes from the pulpit cushion. It were not easy to tell whether he had a manuscript or not. The singing was Congregational, and truly interesting. Simple, tasteless and unintelligible to us, as the whole service was, we nevertheless enjoyed it highly, because it was *Protestant*. We have enjoyed Catholicism too, exceedingly; its architecture, art, music, splendor; its rich costumes, and its magnificent ritual; but not at all as Christianity. On the contrary, we like it less than before we knew so much about it. It seems to retain too little of the leaven of primitive Christianity to be worth amending, or to be capable of improvement. The worst criticism to be made upon it is perhaps this,—that in Italy you may live in the churches, attend the services daily, and become deeply interested in every thing belonging to Catholicism, and all the while have no feeling whatever, that it is any form of Christianity, or anything to do with religion. In short, religion, under the Catholic rule, seems quite another thing from anything we reverence under that name; and you may share Catholic sentiments and tastes, without recognizing any connection between them and your religious feelings. There is no place in the world where Christianity, as a historical event, is more brought home to you than in Catholic Italy, or where you are so constantly made to feel that the spirit and moral uses of the religion have been sunk under the splendor and peculiarity of its facts. Romanism recognizes the mission of Christ, his birth, his death, and all the events in his history, with an extraordinary emphasis. It has the liveliest sense of the blessed consequences of his coming; but of the true nature, and real spiritual objects of the Gospel, it seems almost utterly ignorant. The priest, in its ritual, standing always with his back to the people, is a just symbol of the ignorance which Romanism has of the real wants of man. It does not look to that point at all. Its object is not to make men better, but to put them in the way of obtaining the blessedness of salvation; and that is to be done, not by instructing their moral sense, or quickening their better affection, but by conformity to certain usages, the use of certain forms, the repetition of certain prayers. We know very well, that ingenious defenders of the Roman faith, like Dr. Wiseman, for instance, can explain everything in the Catholic customs, in a manner entirely reconcilable with very elevated notions of Christianity. But we speak of it, as it presented itself to us; as we saw it and felt it. We have found very much to please, to amuse the taste, to gratify the senses; and even much that was delightful as an expression of devout feeling; but nothing that seemed to go to the root of Christianity or religion,—nothing that satisfied us that Catholicism was fitted to make men repent of their sins, humble their hearts, and imitate Jesus Christ in His practical graces. Wanting this, it wants everything solid, enduring, venerable.

From Zurich and "its charms," "the margin of its fair waters," we passed by the ridge of the Albis to the foot of Fount Righi, a somewhat isolated mountain, of moderate height for this country, being only six thousand feet high, which most travellers ascend for the sake of the magnificent panorama it affords. From Aith, on the lake of Zug, we took saddle-horses, and commenced the long ascent. Our party was composed of seven persons,—four ladies and three gentlemen, besides a guide to each horse. The weather, which had been threatening in the morning, had become bright and promising at noon, and after dinner, when we started, everything conspired to raise our spirits to the highest pitch. There is something intoxicating in mountain air, although some of the draughts brewed there are, as we had occasion to know, more copious than exhilarating. We had passed Goldare, and examined the track of the fearful avalanche that overwhelmed that devoted village; and reached the monastery, about two-thirds the way up the Righi, when a rain, at first mild and manageable by shawls and parasols, but soon demanding cloaks and umbrellas, and finally very regardless of both, commenced its work of wetting us to the skin, and in the course of a few minutes completed its purpose in a most thorough manner. To add to the richness of our experience, we had left our baggage below, and were entirely unprovided with any change of clothes but our night-gowns! The night had closed in, as we dismounted heavily at the hotel on the top of the mountain. We had nothing to do but to go to bed, with a very poor prospect of dry clothes in the morning, which was thoroughly kept,—for when the day returned, as black and cold as he left us, we crept into our half wet garments, and leaned ourselves up to dry against a miserable Russian stove, that mocked us with a vast expanse of white china, in place of the blazing logs we required. By noon, however, the day cleared up, and the sun came to our rescue. Sunset found us comfortably dry, and indulging a fond hope of a clear sunrise the next morning with a view of the great Alps, which had kept in strict retirement during the whole of our damp day.

At half past three in the morning, the Alpine horn resounded through the halls of the hotel, and every living creature was soon perched upon the summit to view the dawn and the sunrise. We were a motley company. The counterpanes and blankets of the inn formed a convenient costume for such as rose in haste, or were unprovided with cloaks. Gentlemen muffled in surtouts, with the collars raised about their ears; ladies in hoods, and all in shivers—stood, full of speculation, upon the brink of the precipice, watching the morning light. A company of German students, some thirty or forty in number, with their packs upon their backs, were huddled together just under a shelf of rock, out of the way of the wind, intent, apparently, upon marking the precise appearance of the sun. As his upper limb emerged, a beautiful strain of music broke from this band, giving an appropriate voice to this magnificent spectacle, and completing the effect of a scene surpassing anything we have ever witnessed. The tops of the Burnese Alps were distinctly visible, floating like islands in a sea of mist, which was momently rising slowly, and with a level tide, over their heads. In the course of two hours it had risen wholly above the mountains, leaving them in nearly perfect view. On the opposite side, stretched the wide plain, or what at this great height appeared such, although in truth a very hilly district. This seeming plain, richly cultivated and chequered with every variety of grain, was diversified with the waters of thirteen lakes, four or five of which seemed to wash the base of the Righi. The turquoise-colored water, the emerald green of the fields, formed a combination of splendid hues, of which the rainbow might be envious. The ever changing and ever more beautiful effects of light, as the day increased, made us feel that all the fatigues, and damps, and delay of the excursion, were not to be mentioned with its glorious consummation.

We descended the Righi on foot, the ladies performing their seven or eight miles walk with much spirit and expedition, but unfortunately mortgaging all their locomotive powers for several days ahead, in the effort. Notwithstanding this, we are all of opinion, that Switzerland is properly to be seen and enjoyed only by the pedestrian. At the foot of the mountain we found the little iron steamer, which plies between the two extremes of the Lake of the Four Cantons, and in an hour we landed at Luzerne, a little city memorable as a region consecrated by all the richest memories of Swiss patriotism, and more conspicuous still, as having so recently been the chief seat of the Sunderband and its nullifying conspiracy, now so happily exploded.

For the information of our readers, who may not have understood the newspaper accounts of the recent civil war in Switzerland, we will state in as few words as possible, the cause of the commotion. It is well known that Switzerland is a confederacy of twenty-two cantons, governed by a Diet, under a pact, or constitution. Of these cantons, fifteen are Protestant and seven only are entirely Catholic. In the recent movement through Europe, for the expulsion and dispersion of the Jesuits; the government of Switzerland sympathized, and passed laws accordingly, which were offensive to the Catholic cantons. These cantons, thereupon formed a league, called the Sunderband, for the protection of their religious rites; and it was to put down this league, which the government regarded as treasonable, that the civil war was waged. The result was, the acquiesence of the Catholic Cantons in the requisitions of the Diet, the dispersion of the Sunderband, and the restoration of union and quiet among the cantons. How far this is merely apparent, it is difficult to say; but it seems to be thought that the prospects of order and harmony in Switzerland, are more promising than they have been for many years.

H. W. B.

THE SABBATH IN PARIS.

The number of distinguished preachers in Paris has surprised me. I expected to find "a city wholly given to idolatry." But in the pulpits of this city—besides a host of preachers less distinguished—there are at least six or eight eloquent and powerful advocates of Christianity. The French temperament is full of oratorical fire, and Paris to-day is witness that the spirit of Bossuet and Massillon is not dead.

When a son of New England first wakes up in Paris on a Sunday morning, he finds it hard to convince himself that it is really the Sabbath. The stillness, the sacred calm of this holy day are absent. In the streets he finds everything going on as usual. The shops are all open, the masons and carpenters at work on the houses, and the carts lumbering through the streets. It is a day of extra fetes, and the shops are closed a little earlier than usual, to give all time to go to the theatres or other places of amusement. I remember one Sunday morning at breakfast, a Frenchman opened his eyes with astonishment when I told him that the theatres in London were not open on Sunday.—Why, said he, what do the people do with themselves?

But if the stranger will turn aside from this crowd and enter some of the churches at the hour of prayer, he will find that there are yet many thousands who have not been swept away by the infidelity around them—I have seen religious audiences in Paris as large and as attentive as at New York: and have heard the gospel of our common Saviour preached as faithfully in French as in English.

THE NATURAL HISTORY OF THE SABBATH.

The Creator has given us a natural restorative—sleep; and a moral restorative—Sabbath-keeping; and it is ruin to dispense with either. Under the pressure of high excitement, individuals have passed weeks together with little sleep, or none; but when the process is long-continued, the over-driven powers rebel, and fever, delirium, and death comes on. Nor can the natural amount be systematically curtailed without corresponding mischief. The Sabbath does not strive like sleep. The day of rest does not steal over us like the hour of slumber. It does not entrance us almost whether we will or not; but, addressing us as intelligent beings, our Creator assures us that we need it, and bids us notice its return, and court its renovation. And if, going in the face of the Creator's kindness, we force ourselves to work all days alike, it is not long till we pay the forfeit. The mental worker—the man of business, or the man of letters—finds his ideas becoming turbid and slow; the equipoise of his faculties is upset; he grows moody, fitful, and capricious; and with his mental elasticity broken, should any disaster occur, he subsides into habitual melancholy, or in self-destruction speeds his guilty exit from a gloomy world.—And the manual worker—the artisan, the engineer—toiling on from day to day, and week to week, the bright intuition of his eye gets blunted; and, forgetful of their cunning, his fingers no longer perform their feats of twinkling agility, nor, by a plastic and tuneful touch, mould dead matter, or wield mechanical power; but, mingling his life's blood in his daily drudgery, his locks are prematurely gray, his genial humor sours, and slaving it till he has become a morose or reckless man, for any extra effort, or any blink of balmy feeling, he must stand indebted to opium or alcohol. [North British Review.

AMERICAN INSTITUTE.—REV. DR. TYNG'S ADDRESS.

At quite an early hour the large and commodious grand room and gallery of the Tabernacle were filled with the beauty, the fashion, and elite of the city, who had come to listen to the Anniversary address, before the Institute. The meeting was called to order by General Talmadge, who stated to the audience that three original pieces of music had been written for the occasion, and announced that the first, an ode, would now be sung by a voluntary choir, under the direction of Mr. Geo. Andrews of this city. The choir, composed of about forty female and as many male voices, then sung the ode, the words of which were written by Mrs Seba Smith, and commenced as follows;—

> "Ho come to the Annual Fair,
> The Institute opens her Hall,
> Magnificent treasures are there,
> Ho come to the Annual Fair, &c.

Gen. Talmadge then made a few remarks upon the Institute, its effect upon community, the benefit which it extends to the farmer and the mechanic, and through them to the whole American people.

Dr. Tyng rose and stated that he had come unexpectedly and unprepared. He referred to the Institute, to its purposes and to the rewards which it held out to genius,—that there was no object which to man was so beneficial as this, that it was the moral dignity of labor, by which the laborer could enter in and mingle with those of other minds,—and that the opportunity was annually extended by the American Institute.—What Christianity disapproves in man destroys the human race, and what it approved tended to his moral advancement,—neither to hills or valleys, plains or mountains, were we indebted for the inventions of genius, by which our nation has been marked, but to that which was approved by christianity,—it was a free labor or a free soil by which the artificer was placed upon the same level with the legislator. Now said, Dr. T., I cannot walk through the many articles on exhibition at your Institute, without asking myself this question. What people but a christian people ever possessed powers like these, or what land but where christianity secures the peaceful working of our own hands, where man can display his rights and exhibit the works of skill. When here by this the highest of demonstrations, man has the privilege of showing what he is, in our country, able to accomplish. Let us labor, said he, to shut up the doors of Janus in our midst. He said, that in the exhibition of the Institute, nought of a lustful or covetous nature was to be seen, that those who visited it manifested by their smiles on leaving, the pleasure of their visit. That by the approving smiles held out by the Institute many an American boy would get to be a Fulton or a West, that this was one of the agencies through which Christianity was pushed onward—that it was the character of these men which made the standard of labor in which he was engaged—and that no business in the hands of a man without this requisite would have dignity; that in the hands of some men labor, in its lowest shapes, was a dignity which was an honor to the age. He referred to agriculture in other countries, and stated that it was far below the level of the American farmer, being entirely in the hands of the peasantry. One of the first and best movements proceeding from the French Republic was the multiplication of the agriculturists. He then made reference to the benefits of our common schools, which he illustrated by an anecdote of an Englishman and his son; of an Englishman educated in a public school, at the public expense, who is now an eminent professor.—This, said Dr. T. is America. He referred to Fulton and Fitch, and the difference of opinion now; of the difference in the periods of time; and that the prophecies made by those steam navigators had been more than fulfilled; that now protection and fostering, peculiar to America, had called forth the ingenuity of our countrymen, and watched over its interests; that it was such care that was fast making the girl of the factory, the teacher in the seminary, or the lady in the drawing room. That here the mechanic could gain a name higher than fallen Mexico or battered Monterey could give him. (Cheers.) That the moral dignity of labor was a lesson which America was now teaching to the world; that already England had followed some of these lessons; that Europe was learning lessons from America that time could never obliterate, but accomplish. (Cheers.) He made reference to Sir F. Buxton, and the improvements which he made in his brewery—of his benevolence—little thinking that those whom, in one way he was striving to feed, he was destroying the grain from them in another. That if our heraldry was in the anvil and the hammer—in the loom and the needle—it was far better than that in their place were substituted dragons and lions—skulls and cross-bones. (Cheers.) He concluded by recommending that the purposes of the people should be those which are the purposes of the Institute.

Gen. Talmadge announced that the fair would keep open for the ensuing week. A religious piece was then sung by the choir. [N. Y. Express.

THE WAY TO GET RICH. The only way by which capital can increase is by saving. If you spend as much as you get, you will never be richer than you are. 'Tis not what a man gets but what he saves, that constitutes his wealth. Go, learn the first two rules of arithmetic—learn addition and subtraction. Add to your present capital any amount you please—subtract the sum which you add, and tell me if the last amount will not be the same as the first. Every merchant should, in every year of his life, make some addition to his capital. You say you ge but little; never mind; spend less than that little and then next year, you will get more, for you will have the profit upon the sum you save. There is no royal road to wealth any more than to geometry. The man who goes on spending all he gets, and expects that by some lucky hit he shall be raised to wealth, will most likely sink into poverty,—for, in the case of adverse fortune, he has then no resource; whereas by economy, he may lay by a stock that may serve as a provision in case of adversity. A man says that the times are bad—the seasons are bad—the laws are bad. Be it so; but were the case reversed, it would make no difference to you. Look at home; you spend more than you get; how can you be otherwise than poor! How many a respectable family have fallen from a high station, which they worthily and honorably filled, because neither the gentleman nor the lady had been familiar with the first four rules of arithmetic. Had they known how to check the accounts of their agents, their tradesmen, and their servants; had they known how to compare their receipts with expenditures, and to see which preponderates, all their difficulties might have been avoided. A very small acquaintance with the principles of commerce is sufficient to teach that, if a man spends every year more than he receives, he will necessarily fall into poverty. [Hunt's Merchants' Magazine.

THE RECOMPENSE OF CRIME.

A few days since, a man who had been for four years an inmate of our County Prison, called on us to solicit a trining sum to enable him to reach his friends and his home. He was a man nearly sixty years of age, well dressed, venerable in his appearance, and possessed of more than ordinary talents and intelligence. He frankly confessed his crime, and the misery and disgrace which it brought upon him. He said it seemed as he walked the streets, that every man looked at him as a felon. A sense of his own degradation made him feel that every one was acquainted with his guilty career. "I am," said he, "a fallen, but I trust a penitent man." He appeared penitent, and we hope he is truly so. And yet, the retribution of his guilt, in a sense of shame and self-condemnation, will follow him to his dying day. With talents that would have made him respectable and useful, and a circle of friends that would have rendered him happy, he feels that he is an outcast, degraded and despised. We wish the young who are led away by the enticements of sin, could have seen this man in the agony of his grief in view of what he *was* and what he *is*. The blandishments of vice, we are sure, would have lost their attractions, and better purposes would have been formed. Young men know not the misery which the first departure from the path of rectitude is likely to bring upon them. They see the gilded forms of vice, but not the hopelessness and wretchedness which it is sure to inflict. They hear the syren song of the tempter, but not the wailings which are the consequence of yielding to his insidious arts. A young man wrote on the back of a bill the following instructive caution: "This is the last hundred ($10,000 left me by my father; and whither is the money gone—whither! It was squandered in gambling-houses, bar-rooms and in brothels. If this bill falls into the hands of any young man, let it teach him to flee from bad company, for it is that which has reduced me to my deplorable situation. I am lost, *lost*, forever LOST."—Truly, "the wages of sin is death." What youth in the blindness of its avidity calls pleasure, proves, alas, how often, to be misery, despair, and ruin! [N. Y. Evan.

A SERMON FOR YOUNG MEN.

TEXT:—*Owe no man anything.* Keep out of debt. Avoid it as you would war, pestilence and famine. Shun it as you would the devil.—Hate it with a perfect hatred. Abhor it with an entire and absolute abhorrence. Dig potatoes, break stones, peddle tin-ware, do anything that is honest and useful, rather than run in debt. As you value comfort, quiet, independence, keep out of debt. As you value good digestion, a healthy appetite, a placid temper, a smooth pillow, sweet sleep, pleasant dreams, and happy wakings, keep out of debt. Debt is the hardest of all taskmasters, the most cruel of all oppressors. It is a millstone about the neck. It is an incubus on the heart. It spreads a cloud over the whole firmament of a man's being. It eclipses the sun, it blots out the stars, it dims and defaces the beautiful blue of the sky. It breaks up the harmony of nature, and turns to dissonance all the voices of its melody. It furrows the forehead with premature wrinkles, it plucks the eye of its light, it drags all nobleness and kindness out of the port and bearing of a man. It takes the soul out of his laugh, and all stateliness and freedom from his walk.—Come not under its accursed dominion. Pass by it as you would pass a leper, or one smitten by the plague. Touch it not. Taste not of its fruit, for it shall turn to bitterness and ashes on your lips. Finally, I say to each and all, but especially to you, young men, keep out of debt.

REV. DR. POOR, OF CEYLON. This distinguished missionary and excellent man has recently returned on a visit to his native land, after an absence of 33 years. He had the pleasure soon after his arrival to see a goodly company of his younger brethren and sisters go forth into the missionary field—eleven under the care of the Am. Board of Foreign Missions, and several under that of the Baptist Board. Their embarkation at the wha;f was a very interesting scene, which is described by "D" in the Republican as follows:

A numerous company assembled at the wharf, when Dr. Poor, recently returned from a thirty-three years' mission, made a brief, eloquent address, and devoutly commended these new bands of Christian philanthropists to Heaven's care and blessing.

He regarded the *rain* of the morning as rather auspicious of good; reminding the Missionaries that in their glorious warfare with the powers of darkness and sin, they were not to expect all *fair weather*

He referred to the adage, "When it rains, *let it rain*," as being a summary of true christian submission. He would say, too, "When there are calms, *let there be calms*."

During the early part of his return voyage, they had a calm of *fifteen days*—thus making no progress. But on arriving at the Cape of Good Hope, they found from the papers that five ships had been destroyed by a storm in the very region of the ocean which they had been anxious to reach.

He said, moreover, "regrets were useless," as well as sinful. He had been very anxious to arrive in time for the late Anniversary of the American Board; and had they not been delayed by calms, he might have sailed from Liverpool in the "Ocean Monarch," and thus been engulphed with the melancholy throng! God only knew what was best for us at the present moment,—disappointment or success. But trust in Him, and seek to do His will, and we need not fear, though "the sea roar" or the "earth be removed."

He concluded with most cordial greetings to the Baptist missionaries going in the same ship, when Rev. Mr. Peck, Secretary of the Baptist Board, gave out the Missionary hymn—

> "Shall we to men benighted,
> The lamp of life deny!"

"We are as safe at sea,—safer in the storm that God sends us, than in a calm, when we are befriended by the world."

Hast thou heard the loud roar of the turbulent ocean,
When the wintry wind over its bosom has passed,
When the angry waves raged in their wildest commotion,
And death seemed to rise on the wings of the blast?

Hast thou seen the frail bark in that moment of anguish,
Now aloft on the billow, now whelmed in the surge,
When the hopes of the hard toiling mariner languish,
And the hollow gale sounds in his ear like a dirge?

'Tis the moment of mercy—his efforts all failing,
She appears, and the tempest subsides at her will;
Her voice o'er the tumult of waves is prevailing,
As she breathes the soft accents of "Peace! be ye still."

Go on then, thou sea beaten vessel; and borrow
New light from this darkness, new hope from this fear,
Let thy peril to-day teach thee trust for to-morrow,
In storm or in sunshine, thy Savior is near.

A HEATHEN HELPER. Dr. Poor relates the following interesting fact, which occurred within his knowledge, on the field of his missionary labors. It is a hopeful fact for generous men at home, not professed Christians.

'The Methodist brethren were building a chapel, and they applied to a rich heathen for aid; and he gave them some pillars. After the church was dedicated, he thought that he would go and see how his pillars looked. This brought him under the preaching of the gospel and resulted in his conversion. He himself became a strong pillar in the church of the living God.'

CHANGE IN TOPICS OF ORTHODOX PREACHING.

[The fact here presented is only another sign of what has been repeatedly noticed in the state of the Orthodox body. The extract is from an account in the Presbyterian of the late meeting of the Gen. Association of Connecticut.]

The Associational sermon was preached in the afternoon by the Rev. Albert Smith, of Vernon, from Jer. xxix. 7: "And seek the peace of the city, whither I have caused you to be carried away captives; and pray unto the Lord for it; for in the *peace thereof, shall ye have peace.*" His theme was "the duty of ministers and members of the Church of Christ to seek the highest welfare of the communities where there lot is cast."

Onething has strongly impressed me in regard to the discourses delivered before this venerable body. It is the total absence of every thing like doctrine. All that it has been my privilege to hear, have been alike in this respect. At the meeting in 1846, the sermon was a glorification of the New England pilgrims; that of 1847, on the duty of forming a correct estimate of the times in which we live; and this now delivered is, in this particular, of a similar stamp. Among so large a body of able, learned, and pious ministers, this is certainly very surprising. At the close of the sermon, a good old man remarked, "I am much disappointed; I am dissatisfied. Why, said he, the sermon reminds me of the remark of good old father———, 'that five thousand such sermons would not convert a rat.' O!" said he, "it was very different in former times at our meetings of the Association. Then we heard in these sermons, of Christ and his great atonement—of the fall and the present ruined state of man—of the glories of heaven—of the blessedness of the saints—and of the duties of the Christian life. These great objects filled our souls, and caused our hearts to burn within us as we communed together respecting the interests of the churches. Frequently powerful revivals commenced at these meetings, and spreading to the churches around, precious souls in great numbers were gathered into the kingdom of Christ. But now," said he, "I don't hear that any revivals follow these meetings of the Association. Our time is too much occupied in hearing reports from the various benevolent societies, and speeches about the great West, its rich soil, fine prairies, and rising cities—the glorious destiny of this great nation, and the dangers arising from the rushing flood of foreign immigration." And, Mr. Editor, is there not, alas! too much truth in these remarks in regard to most, if not all, our ecclesiastical bodies!

CHATEAUBRIAND. A letter from a friend of this distinguished philosopher and statesman, who was present at the closing scene, in a Paris Journal, says:—'He died in full possession of his faculties. So fine an intelligence did of right conquer death, and preserve in his grasp a visible liberty. It was amid prayers and tears that the author of the 'Genius of Christianity,' rendered his soul to God. One of the expressions which he repeated most frequently of late years, was that the social questions which agitated nations at present, could not be solved without the Bible, without the soul of Christ whose doctrines and examples have denounced selfishness, this gnawing worm of all concord.

HON. JEREMIAH MASON.

The Hon. Jeremiah Mason, died at his late residence in this city, on Saturday evening Oct. 14th, after a very short illness. Mr. Mason was, for many years before his decease, a communicant of the Episcopal Church, and a regular attendant upon its services. The funeral service was performed by the Rev. Dr. Vinton, at Grace Church, on Tuesday evening last.

At a meeting of the Bar of the County of Suffolk, held on Tuesday morning, the Hon. Mr. Choate made the following remarks, before presenting a series of resolutions, expressive of the profound regard in which the high moral character and pre-eminent talents of the deceased were held by the Bar:

'I have supposed, sir, as you have done, that it would be the desire of the bar of Suffolk, to mark the event which has led to the call of this meeting, by something more than the accustomed and formal expression of sensibility and regret for the loss of one of its number.

'Mr. Mason was so extraordinary a person; his powers of mind were not only so vast, but so peculiar; his character and influences were so weighty as well as good; he filled, for so many years, so conspicuous a place in the profession of the law, in public life, and in intercourse with those who gave immediate direction to public affairs, that it appears most fit, if it were practicable, that we should attempt to record, somewhat permanently and completely, our appreciation of him, and to convey it to others, who knew him less perfectly and less recently than ourselves. It seems to me, that one of the very few greatest men, whom this country has produced: a statesman among the foremost in a Senate, of which King and Giles, in the fullness of their strength and fame, were members; a Jurist who would have filled the seat of Marshall, as Marshall filled it; of whom it may be said, that without ever holding judicial station, he was the author and finisher of the jurisprudence of a State; one whose intellect, wisdom, and uprightness, gave him a control over the opinions of all the circles in which he lived and acted, of which we shall scarcely see another example, and for which this generation and the country are the better to-day:—such, seems to me, to have been the man who has just gone down to a timely grave. I rejoice to know that the eighty-first year of his life found his marvellous faculties wholly unimpaired.

"No pale gradations quenched that ray."

'Down to the hour when the apoplectic shock, his first sickness, struck him, as it might seem, in a moment, from among the living, he was ever his great and former self.

'He is dead—and although here and there a kindred mind—here and there, rarer still, a coeval mind survives, he has left no one, beyond his immediate blood and race, who in the least degree resembles him.'

VISIT THE POOR.

I can imagine hardly anything more useful to a young man of an active and powerful mind, advancing rapidly in knowledge, and with high distinction either actually obtained or close in prospect, than to take him—or, much better, that he should go for himself—to the abodes of poverty and sickness, and old age. Everything there, is a lesson; in everything Christ speaks, and the Spirit of Christ is ready to convey to his heart all that he witnesses. Accustomed to all the comforts of life, and hardly ever thinking what it would be to want them, he sees poverty and all its evils; scanty rooms, and, too often scanty fuel, scanty clothing, and scanty food.—Instead of the quiet and neatness of his own chamber, he finds, very often, a noise and confusion which would render deep thought impossible; instead of the stores of knowledge with which his own study is filled, he finds, perhaps, only a Bible. Then let him see—and it is no fancied picture, for he will see it often, if he looks for it—how Christ is to them that serve him, wisdom at once, and satisfaction, and blessing. He will find, amidst all this poverty, in those narrow, close, and crowded rooms, amidst noise and disorder, and, sometimes, want of cleanliness also—he will see old age, and sickness, and labor, borne not only with patience, but with thankfulness, through the aid of that Bible, and the grace of that Holy Spirit, who is its author.—[Dr. Arnold.

A PRISON SCENE.

The editor of the Gospel (Augusta, Me.) Banner, visiting a short time since, St. Andrews, one of the first towns in the Queen's dominions after crossing the line, saw in the prison there a near relative of Thomas Carlyle. He thus narrates the incident:

We next ascended the stairs to the second story, which is the debtor's apartment. Passing along the aisle between the opposite rows of cells, or rooms, we noticed but one door closed; the jailor unlocked that, and, as it opened, we beheld a man clad in black, with his hat on, sitting at a table, with book in hand, his back towards us, and his face towards the window. He did not turn around to see us. We had no invitation to enter, but *took* the "liberty" to advance and salute the prisoner. As we approached the table, he laid aside his book and rather confusedly looked up towards us. We saluted him as respectfully and as kindly as we knew how.—And so, Sir, you are a prisoner of the Law, it seems! "I am, Sir." Confined for debt, I presume! "Aye, Sir, that is my crime, or rather my misfortune." Yes, debt is often a misfortune rather than a crime. Mr. Laws, does your government punish men for misfortune! He kindly explained to us the operation of the laws. For what sum are you deprived of your liberty! "Ten pounds!" "And this," added the Jailor, "has now increased, by costs, to *seventy* pounds." But cannot this man get out of this place! "Not without paying the debt." Have you any means! "None." Can you acquire them here! "No." The jailor explained to us how, after a certain time, the creditor must pay his prison expenses weekly, or he would be authorized to let him go. This is well; if the creditor will have revenge, he should pay for it. Where do you reside! "In Pennfield, eighty miles from this place." What is your profession! "A Teacher. I came out from London by appointment of the Crown as a Public Teacher in the Provinces." He appeared like an intelligent, gentlemanly man, of forty or fifty years of age—a man who evidently had seen better days. Curious to see his reading, we took up a book from the table, which proved to be one of the celebrated Thomas Carlyle's works, and over the title-page of which was written, in a plain hand,—"To my venerated mother, from her affectionate son, *Thomas Carlyle.*" What! we exclaimed, is this the author's own autograph! "It is." And given to his mother! "It was." So saying, he handed us the book which he had been reading and which he still held in his hand; it was another of Carlyle's works, and had written on the title-page, in the same hand,—"To my dear sister, from her affectionate brother, *Thomas Carlyle.*" Pray, Sir, how came you by the books of the mother and sister of Carlyle, with the autographs of that distinguished son and brother? "They gave them to me, before I left England." What is your name! "John Carlyle." Are you a relative of that author! "A *very* near one." Mr. Laws confirmed his statement; and we stood there surprised to look upon perhaps a brother of Thomas Carlyle, and see him in a British jail for debt under the operation of laws made for the perfection of English Liberty.

DEVELOPMENTS OF CHRISTIANITY.

[From an article in the North British Review, entitled *The Future.*]

We have said that three distinguishable developments of Christianity have had place within the last hundred years. The reformation had obtained for us and consigned to our keeping—Christianity according to the written word. This was the meaning of the revolutions of the sixteenth century; and its text was—"to the law and to the testimony." The *work* of the Reformation still abides; for all communions that have separated from Rome still rest upon this foundation, namely, the supreme authority and the sufficiency of the Holy Scriptures.

The middle of the last century—the years that date just one hundred years back from this time—saw, in the preaching of the Wesleys and of Whitefield, and their immediate followers, a development of Christianity which was not simply *extraordinary* as to its extent, and as to its efficacy, but which was *new* and peculiar. The Methodist movement, taking its stand upon the basis of the *Reformation Gospel*, which itself was such an unfolding of the meaning of the apostolic writings as had *never before* been effected, moved forward with this ground, and the Methodist leaders brought the *lately understood* Gospel to bear, with unprecedented effect, upon the consciences of men individually. The simplest and the most rudimental idea of Christianity, as a call to repentance, and an offer of mercy

ment of foreign Christianization; and Heaven forbid that its labors should be relaxed or restricted, or that its funds should be diminished! In the next forty years the several Missionary Societies may effect far more good than they have effected in the past forty: and there is reason to indulge so cheering a hope. But the missionary epoch, *as a dispensation*, has passed the point at which another epoch might be looked for as commencing.

Just as the missionary zeal sprang out of Methodism, so out of the missionary zeal has sprung (mainly though not wholly,) that now current development of the energies of the Gospel which we are witnessing. The order of causation on this ground is natural. Christianity, when it awakens the consciences of men individually, impels them to teach every man his brother, and it calls all men brethren, and desires the salvation of all. In this order, care for the soul comes first, but care for the body immediately follows. The evangelist visits men in their homes that he may persuade them to repent: he finds them there destitute, famishing, naked, and utterly wretched. He reports what he has seen. But from the moment that this report reaches the ears, and sinks into the heart of Christians, the very Gospel they entertain becomes in a manner transmitted within their bosoms. In other words, Christianity, brought on a large scale into near communion with the bodily wretchedness of men, spontaneously developes an energy of its own—an energy proper for the occasion. Then comes on the dispensation of compassion, under which the wants of the body excite a sympathy more vivid than that which relates to the wants of the soul.

CHRISTIAN REGISTER

BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCT. 28, 1848.

THE AUTUMNAL CONVENTION AT NEW BEDFORD.

There was quite a large delegation to this occasion—about eighty ministers and numerous laymen, accompanied by "chief women not a few"; who, with the friends in New Bedford, made up a large assembly, to unite in the various public exercises, and enjoy as well-affording as receiving those hospitalities characteristic of the place. If we should compare the meeting with previous ones, we should say, that the addresses generally were not of so high a tone intellectually or spiritually, though many were very excellent; nor was the feeling so intense, though the meeting was most fraternal, and every thing passed off very pleasantly. The weather out of doors was damp and unpleasant, either pouring or dripping, and the clouds let down their curtains all around us—but, we think, people never minded the weather less, nor was any regret expressed about it except that it hindered one's seeing the face of the city, and enjoying the fine prospect it affords.—In our Report we have not done the speakers justice, and we give but a tithe of what they said. One of the reports of the addresses on Wednesday morning has received the corrections of the speaker, and been illed up somewhat. We would gladly have had this done for many more, if we had the room, and if the speakers had been accessible to us. We could especially desire it in respect to the addresses on the fifth resolution.

PROCEEDINGS OF CONVENTION.

(Continued.)

Wednesday Oct. 18

The Convention being organized, as we have already reported, and the Resolutions and Rules having been presented, the PRESIDENT (whose acceptance of the chair, we omitted to state, was accompanied by a brief, appropriate address,) remarked that it would be first in order to adopt the rules—and they were accordingly adopted.

On motion of REV. S. OSGOOD of Providence, it was voted that the Resolutions be received, and acted upon in the order presented. The 1st Resolution was then read:

1. *Resolved*, that the practical workings of Protestantism as shown in the collision of opinion, and in the prevailing indifference to religious truth, render it the especial duty of Christian ministers, now as ever, to make frequent inculcations of Christian doctrine, and of all Christians to become familiar with Christian truth.

REV. J. W. THOMPSON of Salem introduced its discussion. At the close of the Convention, the last year, it was said and it was felt, observed Mr. T., that unusual harmony and brotherly love had prevailed—a love so powerfully active that each seemed to lose his identity and to be fused into one great, happy whole. Many said indeed, that they had received a new interpretation of the passage—God is Love; and he that dwelleth in Love, dwelleth in God, and God in him.

The resolution, continued Mr. T., refers to the inculcation of Christian doctrine. What was the basis of that union and love? Was it not a general theological agreement? We were essentially of one mind, and this contributed to make us all of one heart. When we are interested in any one great principle, our hearts are turned to those who have espoused the same. Nor are we satisfied with half a brother—we want his head and his heart; and when we have both, the union is perfect. Suppose that Convention had been a heterogenous one—composed of members of various religious denominations—there might have been mutual respect, there might have been courtesy in the discussions, and the discussions edifying; but would there have been such an interflowing of soul? Our theology, then, is important as a bond of union. But I go one step further, said the speaker. Important as a bond of union, it is infinitely more important for its influence on character. A system of theology, whereever it prevails, will produce its stamp on the community. You cannot reasonably expect from a cold, rigid, stern theology, a mild, bland character—a soul flexible to all humane influences.

Coming together, then, as brethren of one faith, to take counsel on interests dear to us in common, and to consider our duties as Christian disciples and Christian ministers, we feel the need of that love to God, that brotherly love, and that love to man, by which all our proceedings shall be sanctified to the nourishment of our faith and our christian activity. And we join in the aspiration that the beauty of the Lord may be upon us in all our proceedings. If He, without whose blessing we can do nothing, be with us, with what new ardor and interest shall we engage in the great duties to which we are called!

REV. F. A. FARLEY, of Brooklyn, N. Y. said that he had been so much accustomed to act on the principles contained in the resolution, that it seemed to him a self-evident proposition—a truism. For surely it is the duty of a preacher to present, expound, and enforce religious truth. But we see Protestantism divided into sects—we see collision of opinion—if each sect does battle for itself, rather than to promote the great interests of Christianity; if each contends for opinion rather than for righteousness, it is very poor work. Let us, as a body of Christians, show that we are earnest for the truth, because of the life-giving energies of that truth; and whatever be the opinion that others form of the faith that distinguishes us, none can help feeling, that manifesting Christian devotedness we are the disciples of Christ. Among the true-minded of all denominations, observed Mr. F., there is pursuit after some common ground on which Christians can be one, and feel that they are one. That ground is beginning to be indicated by the Cross lifted up as a symbol of self-sacrifice; and in the various sects around, we can see a disposition to lay hold of it. This will lead them onward and together into one. With such encouraging signs, we should do the work in which, as a denomination, we are engaged. If these conventions only bring the clergy and the laity together as witnesses to the truth—living witnesses—their power will be felt in the advancement of the cause of truth and righteousness.

REV. J. RICHARDSON JR., of Haverhill, said that the Resolution in its spirit did not meet his own views. He felt there were great wants and deficiencies in the denomination, but they were not of a dogmatic kind. I would see, he remarked, a more earnest zeal—a zeal like that of our fathers, who though they believed in the God of the Hebrews—the Lord of Hosts—the God of Battles—were yet earnest in their devotion to His service. We want to leave off our habits of religious criticism, and live a divine life. We need this divine life more than all beside. We need it instead of the formalism that prevails. Not the prayer of the lips but the desire of the heart, not the baptism of water but of the spirit, not a liturgy but the service of love—this is what we need. As a sect, continued Mr. R., we have been too dogmatic—not so much indeed as the Calvinists, but still too much so. We have been too much a body of Protestants. This has been our great trouble. If our preachers would not preach dogmas of any sort, but preach what would lead us up to a higher life, we should do far better.

REV. MR. LINCOLN, of Hampton Falls, expressed his deep and settled conviction that the great principles of Unitarianism are all in harmony with the rights of God and man. It sweeps away alienations, and gives to mankind one law of love. Mr. L. was once connected with another denomination, and while there was in a minority which differed from the majority in some shades of opinion. He was induced to seek for great principles on which he could stay himself, and he found these in the simple truths of Unitarianism. Here, too, he breathed more freely. The inculcation of the truths of Unitarianism he believed would convince the world of the divinity there is in them. They were the divine power adequate to save the world. Truth he considered essential to Christian action. The sublimest spectacle was that of the Lord Jesus Christ, going about reaching out his arm to help. Why was there such love? Because there was truth in his understanding. The Father showed him the truth of things, and therefore he went about doing good.

REV. MR. THURSTON, of Billerica, agreed with very much that had been said, and with the brother from Haverhill. We as a denomination have a mission to fulfil, and our mission is not so much to preach dogma, as to show forth the spirit of Christianity. We have no form of theology that we adopt; no creed written in books. But still we have our views of truth and life—and these we must carry out. This he understood to be the meaning of the resolution, and therefore could unite in it.

REV. MR. HILL, of Worcester, remarked that the Committee had a meaning in the Resolution. While we profess, said he, to take simple truth as our guide, the thing is not done. There had been the time in the history of Protestantism when this was done. We as a Christian body had held up doctrine as doctrine. But we should bring doctrine home to men's consciences. The indifference, now so much deplored, is owing to the truth not being brought home to the Conscience and the Will.

REV. MR. WHITMAN, of Bridgewater, thought that there exists a guidance for us, easily apprehended, and we are to accomplish a certain end. That end is reconciliation—obedience to the Divine will. If we aim to preach this gospel of reconciliation, we ask, What are the means? He supposed that the truths taught by Jesus were the means.

REV. J. F. CLARKE, of Boston, considered the subject the most important that could be discussed. In preparing the resolutions, three elements were embraced—the intellectual, in the first resolution—the need of direction for the mind; then another resolution directing men in the life: and then another containing the affectionate element, the aspirations of the heart.—All three are most important. We ought to look at them all—head, heart and hand.

We want, continued Mr. C., we want Christian truth. There are two different things to be understood by truth. For instance, we open the Bible and read the passage "When I am weak, then am I strong." This is a principle which the Christian sees, feels, knows. To know it, we must see the spiritual reality. This is to discern a Christian truth. But as soon as we attempt to explain, and to reconcile the sense of weakness with that of strength, we pass into the region of doctrine.

Mr. C. felt disposed to question the first speaker's remark about unity. Take a party of men who agree in opinion, and it is an easy thing to agree. But the union which overcomes differences, this is the strongest. Let men come together who differ, let each declare what he sees, and let there be given to one that truth which he did not before possess; let there be the union in which one gives and receives, and it will be a union in heart and mind and soul. For himself he did not agree entirely with Unitarians. There were points in which he agreed more with some Orthodox Christians than with the majority of Unitarians. On the basis of union with diversity he could stand with Unitarians, and in that alone. He rejoiced in the privilege of standing in that position, and cooperating with his Christian brethren.

REV. MR. ROBINSON, of Medfield, thought that Unitarianism had sufficiently defined itself, and that the system is a perfect one—a system of absolute truth. Yet it had failed to produce the fruit we should expect. For we do not see prevailing that love which is not in word but in deed. Mr. R. had not been able to find the defect in the system. He wanted to see exhibited its practical power. We want, said he, more faith in God, in goodness, in immortality, not more faith in system. This practical manifestation of our views is the thing to be sought.

REV. MR. THOMAS, of New Bedford, asked, In what way can we preach doctrine, or practical truth? Never, until we have made experiment of them in our life. Can I preach, said he, the doctrine of love to God any further than I have known the love? Can I preach any broader love to my Father's children than my own heart knows, or than I live out in my own life? I cannot preach love to man, until I feel no enmity toward any class of my fellow men, and until I feel compassion to him who wrongs me.—Only as Christ is in me, can I preach him.

REV. MR. ELLIS of Charlestown, remarked that one great cause of embarrassment and difficulty in our body arose from vagueness of views, and confusion of methods even in our joint action.—We spend too much of our strength in debating differences, in discussing various notions, and in meeting temporary and incidental issues. St. Paul had occasion to censure the members of a primitive church because when they came together, "each had a psalm, a doctrine, a tongue, a revelation, an interpretation." This is very much our state. Our people look to us for a certain self-consistency, harmony and concord in dispensing religious truth, and in conducting our ministerial labors. They hear so many differing and conflicting views that they are mystified and confounded. The attention of our ministers and laymen, is withdrawn from our more important work, and engaged in trivial controversies. There are more side issues and extraneous questions opened among us, than with any other body of Christians. One who should undertake to write the history of our denomination would find himself engaged with some such incidental controversy in the history of each society, if not in the term of office of each of its ministers. Thus are we weakened, our forces are scattered, we are kept in a ferment, and our appropriate work suffers. Many little rills run out from, instead of into, the main stream, and leave it at times shallow and dry, or else a spring or autumn freshet foams for a while, when as it subsides, the torn banks become more unsightly than before. It is not expected that we can harmonize and agree about opinions and methods, but we certainly need not discuss our constant discords.

Take for instance the conflicting views which are ever finding expression among us concerning the Bible. What most our people, with their partial knowledge of facts, think of the conduct of their educated religious preachers in this matter? It will be remembered that at the last Berry street Conference, some of our brethren asked to be informed where they stood in belief and in opinion. If they themselves did not know, who should know for them? Some wish to launch forth into a sublimated airy realm where no telescope could bring them into its field of vision, and no known measurements could bound them. Some have aimed after a certain so-called elevation and freedom of tho't which is attained as a balloon rises, by throwing out the ballast, and trusting to gas. The Bible lies upon the pulpit, and how strangely do some treat it! How can we expect our laity, if they follow all the vagaries of present prevalence, to draw from it any clear consistent views of truth and faith, or to be edified by its expounders! It is as if notices were to be published through a town that there was to be public worship *somewhere* on Sunday,—without an announcement of the place—and the people should array themselves in Sunday attire, and go to seek where the worship was, and all should seek in vain. Then when night falls, and they express their disappointment, some of our brethren, in conformity with their own notions, would comfort them by saying, "Oh, it is true there was no particular point or place for united concourse, but you have exercised your devout feelings in trying to find such a place." There is a great deal of this disapppointment and consequent complaint among our people, and some of them find reason for it in the vagaries of some of the ministers.

The sacred volume lies upon the desk. Every year of time makes it more interesting and more perplexing. Our people, as Protestants, must bring to it devotion of spirit and intelligent minds. They must entertain some clear views of its contents. While so much is said truly about the spirit and life of piety, we must remember that the Bible and the burdened pages of ecclesiastical history furnish materials which will be either stumbling blocks or aids to faith.—Each page of the Bible will excite scepticism in the mind of a reader, unless he knows how to meet its perplexities and to appreciate its truths. It may be feared that our people are becoming unworthy of Protestantism. They cannot master and improve the Bible as our fathers could. It is said that science and criticism have exposed many perplexities concerning the Scriptures.—This is true. But the multiplication of books which meet and deal with all these perplexities puts it in the power of every one of our people to furnish his mind for all this task. But it is amazing to notice how amid the frivolities and the business of life, many men and women are utterly ignorant of the true use of those materials on which piety and faith can alone live. It becomes us, as religious teachers, to help them to the light, rather than to confound and mystify them. They will gladly seek the refuge of the Roman Church if they become faithless and unworthy disciples of Protestantism. Indeed we already observe a decay of that spirit of devotion which once led our people to consecrate their joys and their woes at the sanctuary. They often absent themselves now from public worship on those very occasions when they were wont most to seek its holy influences.

Another incidental cause of division and waste of thought among us has arisen from our treatment of each other on account of differences of opinion or of action in reference to specific matters of Reform. We have mutually been accusers one of another, and why? Simply because we have overlooked one fundamental fact of our nature, viz. that temperament and feeling and private judgment, have a share with conscience and principle in deciding how each individual shall treat every subject of strife and controversy. Some are ardent, vehement and passionate, others are cool, slow and cautious. There was a John and a James among the Apostles, a Luther and a Melancthon among the Reformers, and the same differences of temperament associated with equally sincere and pure hearts, appear in the agents in all the world's great strifes, and in all matters of controversy. While Scripture, philosophy and physiology recognize the different action of different temperaments in men, poets have also defined it. One poet insisting upon the good use of a spirit of resistance, of a power of invective, severity and rebuke against wrongs, reminds us that

> "The laboring bee, when his sharp sting is gone,
> Forgets his golden work, and turns a drone."

Another poet commends the justice which may dwell in beautiful union with tender charity, and tells us of one,

> "Who to the right did feel himself the truer,
> For being gently patient with the wrong."

Such differences we have amongst us, and the wisest way of dealing with them, is to allow them and to accommodate ourselves to them.

The first resolution covers a variety of themes of serious interest to us. As the most consistent body of Protestants—ministers and laymen—we have a high trust committed to us. The Christian faith and its ordinances are holy means which we are to improve for our own generation. All that is good helps us, all that is evil resists us. By a union of piety and intelligence in ourselves and in our people we can make Protestantism productive of its best fruits. But there must be some degree of harmony among ourselves and we must not spend our strength upon these matters of trifling dispute which are constantly arising. If we fail of these conditions, some will gladly relapse into Romanism, others will lose themselves in a vague sentimentalism. We have the cord of truth by which unitedly we may draw the leavy load, the harvesting of all good: cas over hill and valley. We may show our independence and individuality by standing as far apart from each as we please, and exerting our different measthe urements of strength, provided we all hold by whole cord. But if we untwist it into its single hempen strands, and each takes one strand, we shall destroy the cord, and leave the load behind.

REV. MR. FROST, of Concord, argued that all true and deep interest in all the various branches of human life comes from truth—from clear perceptions of truth. And this was the true bond of union. He illustrated his position by referring to the various theories of the solar system. The heavens were scored all over with cycles and epicycles, when a native of Denmark arose and with a simple enunciation cleared away the confusion and united all men forever in the truth which he proclaimed. What was it that united men in the Reformation? It was the sufficiency of the Scriptures and the right of private judgment. But as soon as they began to search the Scriptures, there arose differences of opinion as to what the Scriptures taught for doctrine—and these differences of opinion gaining undue importance, there ensued division and strife. Union depends on the few elementary truths of the gospel, which we all accept. These few great principles—truths in regard to God and man—we should study. They are sufficient to awaken the deepest interest. Mr. F. here alluded to Prof. Agassiz, who, as on one occasion he stood up and lectured on four little masses of matter, awakened the deepest interest by unfolding the great law of nature of which these simple masses of matter were the illustration. So let a man who has studied the facts of the gospel exhibit them in those relations in which, when presented, they would be seen to bear on human duty and human destiny, and it would be the enthusiasm of a divine science, the kindlings of a rapt saint, which would be felt in all their power by human hearts.

MR GEORGE G. CHANNING, of Boston, expressed his concurrence with Dr. Beecher in the opinion that the conversion of men must be effected by doctrine. One thing he considered of special importance—and that was, that ministers should follow up their preaching, should inquire after the effect produced. Their office was not simply to reason, but to be a shepherd of the flock. Nor should they rest satisfied with anything short of the conversion of the soul to Christ.

REV. MR. MUZZEY, of Cambridge, said that we should not be found to differ so much, perhaps, as many suppose, when we came to ask what we really mean by th words—truth, doctrine, or dogma. That is important doctrine we all admit surely, which has bearing on character. A man must believe something. If he does not, he will do nothing. Mr. M. illustrated from the interest manifested in the political matters of the day. There is some one point which awakens all this interest. Now suppose we take some one point in Christianity—as that a man must be born again. If he believes this positively, there cannot but be a marked effect. Take the doctrine of humanity. Do not simply admit it, but assert it, and it will produce its appropriate effects. God send us, added the speaker, a living conviction of some one of the great doctrines of Christianity!

REV. J. N. BELLOWS touched upon the various ways in which truth finds its expression through the ministry. He thought, however, in the present state of things, when people seem to have less reverence for the ministry than in former times, that ministers were in danger of considering too much how they should preach so as to please rather than to save.

REV. MR. OSGOOD, of Providence, remarked that the Resolution opens the great question of freedom and harmony, and we are to strive to keep our freedom and not lose our harmony. And it was because as an individual he could do this, that he delighted to be on the Unitarian platform. We were as the birds whose flight was over every land, and their food on every soil. We could roam free through the whole domain of thought, and appropriate truth, wherever we found it, for the nourishment of our faith. He remarked on the large affinities that we have. It is not easy to say what defines us. We cannot say that we differ wholly from any body of Christian believers. In being thus free we are more readily one. With all our diverse tendencies, we have at heart a strong central faith. The time was when in the transcendental movement, our body seemed to be shooting off into unknown regions of space, but we had reached our aphelion, and now were coming back to our perihelion, and throughout were circling in our true ellipse around the central sun.

What said Mr. O., is the doctrine of Christianity? The facts are written down, and if I believe them, what ground have I for my faith? Christ taught great principles, but he himself was Christianity. Before his death and resurrection the faith of his disciples was vague, but they had thenceforth a new witness. Christ was their doctrine. They differed in some respects; there was James the ethical teacher, and Paul the preacher of faith; there was John the contemplative disciple, and Thomas the skeptic, but they believed in that one Christ, and it moved their hearts. We as a denomination have our *theory*. We have left the New Testament point of view. We preach virtue, and that men should be content with the ethics of the Christian religion—just as though these had any power apart from him in whom they were manifest. Turn to some of the great modern Teachers—look at Chalmers. What was his tenderest feeling? It was awakened by the love of Christ.—What was Channing's? His whole nature was pervaded by the love of Christ. There was in him a piety as devotional as that of an a'Kempis. His study was God and humanity, and Nature and Christ were the interpreters.

Mr. Osgood referred with approbation to the sentiment expressed by Mr. G. G. Channing, as to the need of following up what was preached in the pulpit, to learn whether it produced effect. He alluded also to the training of the young.—All that had been done in his own congregation for the young, had come back with a blessing. He remarked also on the Christian ordinances, and especially the Communion. How does this bring Christ home to the feelings! We need the help of this constant interpreter of our relations to God.

Mr. O. would leave off as he began. Let us keep our freedom and our harmony. Nor did he doubt that the same Providence which had guided them thus far, would justify itself by leading them into still farther and unanticipated good.

REV. DR. E. PEABODY, of Boston, spoke of religious education. There are two parts in it—the awakening of the sentiments, and the inculcation of religious doctrine.

The child ought to be so trained, as to have trusting, reverential thoughts of God. This is the foundation of all morality. Supposing this sentiment awakened, the intellect then begins to demand truth. The time comes for seeing the great truths of religion, and the period is generally in youth. It is the time when feeling begins to be translated into a science. If the youth does not have some well defined religious opinions, his early religious sentiments will sink into indifference, or go into sentimentality. Dr. P. dwelt particularly on the absolute necessity, that a person who is well informed on other subjects should have become early acquainted with the great truths of religion. If he defers it till late, he is apt to think it a matter of indifference, religion fades away out of his mind, he becomes earthly-minded. Multitudes, without these distinct views, slide away from their early religious feelings. Still there should first be the awakening of the religious sentiments. They will be awakened best through the manifestations of the religious sentiments in teachers and parents,—The child will grow into the love of what they love, and aversion from what they dislike. His religious sentiments will be developed by seeing those around him manifesting reverence and piety. This should be the beginning, and doctrine should come afterwards. Every thing in its place.

DR. FLAGG, of Boston, was glad to hear a resolution expressing the importance of teaching Christian doctrine. It applies to all of us—for we are all properly teachers of Christian truth. Not every thing, however, that is taught as doctrine, is Christian truth. He had once sat under Orthodox preaching, where what he heard seemed to him not to be the truth as taught by Christ. The views of truth there presented he could not accept. He embraced Unitarianism, because its interpretation of Christianity was in accordance with his own.

In respect to harmony in the denomination, he believed that it exists at the present time, though perhaps not so great as when we were fewer.—For himself he had desired to have the differences in our opinions brought up and discussed in this Convention. He was perfectly willing to hear different views presented from his own; and he believed the result of this statement and comparison of opinions would promote freedom and harmony.

REV. MR. RICHARDSON moved an amendment of the Resolution, that the phrase vital, spiritual truths, be substituted in the place of the word "doctrine."

REV. DR. ALLEN, of Northboro,' thought we had derived the principal benefit of the Resolution from its discussion, and we need not spend time on amending it. He would claim with others the largest liberty, but he thought we were in no danger of overrating the value of Christian doctrine. For in the language of the Christian Scriptures, we are sanctified by the spirit and belief of the truth. Dr. A., in concluding his remarks, regarded it as the chief benefit of the Convention that it infuses new life—not that we can all agree in opinion.

REV. MR. LINCOLN, of Hampton Falls, arose to repeat a text from the New Testament, bearing on the Resolution;—with a change however in the structure of the text, as the original demanded:—"All Scripture, given by inspiration of God, is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness."

The proposed amendment not having been seconded, the question was taken on the 1st Resolution, and it was unanimously carried. Adjourned to P. M.

Wednesday, P. M.

Convention having come to order, the 2nd Resolution was taken up, as follows:

2. *Resolved*, that as the energies of other sects are especially devoted to the diffusion of Christianity abroad, it is incumbent upon Unitarian Christians, who have aided so little in this mode of Christian benevolence, to be foremost in the promotion of freedom, peace, temperance, purity and piety at home.

REV. MR. THURSTON, of Billerica, thought the wording of the Resolution capable of improvement. It might seem to reflect on other denominations. For himself, he could not but admire the efforts which Christians of other names were making to spread abroad what they believed to be the doctrines of the Bible. He thought, moreover, that we ought to act from a principle within ourselves, and therefore hoped the Resolution would be amended.

REV. MR. PIERPONT, of Troy, N. Y., arose to say that he could not comply with the intimation which so many of his brethren were then conveying to him by their looks, that this was a Resolution to which it was expected he would speak. He had spoken to those subjects at a previous Convention, and would give the present opportunity to others.

REV. G. G. CHANNING, considered as very important, all the objects mentioned in the Resolution. We ought to rejoice, said he, in every opportunity to express our opinion on these matters by action. He dwelt briefly on each, in passing, but spoke more especially on the need of promoting purity of morals—on the prevalence of the terrible sin of licentiousness, and urged that we should do every thing to stay the terrible sin; should frown down, pray down, preach down, write down, live down, every thing productive of this tremendous evil.

REV. MR. RICHARDSON, remarked that the delay in speaking was not because we feel no interest in the topics of the Resolution. The doctrine that God is our Father—the central doctrine of our body—implies that mankind are all our brethren; and we cannot but feel an interest in humanity. The doctrines of Unitarianism are eminently humanitarian. We therefore feel that men are too divine to be blown to pieces in the cannon's mouth, or to be hung on the gallows, or to be oppressed, or ruined. He alluded to the last words of Channing at Lenox, and to the last song of Henry Ware. Not a doctrine do we cherish that does not lead directly to reform. And it was for this reason—it was because of life rather than of doctrine, that he adhered to the denomination.

REV. MR. OSGOOD, considered Reform larger than the usual signification of the word. What means this agitation of the Old World? It denoted some deeper necessity than our usual topics of political or social reform. We may speak out freely our convictions on war, on questions of politics, &c., though perhaps some of us may be in danger of magnifying free soil above free grace. But there are other matters still. He alluded to the connexion between labor and wages, and especially to female education. If we will have our eyes open, said he, we shall be able to add greatly to social reform. Our ministers at large could tell us something to make us feel how much is needed to be done; what degradation to be removed; what evils to be redressed. We talk of human brotherhood, but there is too feeble an expression of it in our church ministrations, and in our church edifices. These practically exclude the poor. Mr. O. spoke of the sin of church debts, of the evils of expensive Churches, of the mistake in having what are called chapels for the poor. Never let a church be hereafter built, which shall not be for the benefit both of the rich and the poor.

Mr. O. remarked that he had paid much attention to social questions that have of late been discussed. We should give good heed to them. There was especially the relation of woman in society. A few months ago there were in the city of Providence seven vacancies to be supplied among the female teachers of the public schools. As he entered the school edifice with the Committee, and passed into one of the halls, it was full of candidates—and still beyond, another room full. *Eighty seven* young women had come there as candidates for employment in teaching, on a salary of two hundred dollars a year. Our common feeling, said Mr. C., is, that labor is degrading to woman—a sentiment which needs to be corrected. We owe to woman more than we can express. But her flatterers have not been her benefactors.

MR. ARNOLD, of New Bedford, said that unquestionably to inculcate the spirit of Christianity is the best way to advocate reform. A true religious faith is our best ground of reliance. Mr. A. spoke of the real condition of that class who are looked to as possessing most means in life. If we examine their standing as a body, they would be found in a series of years not able to sustain their own class, and are very far from being objects of jealousy, or emulation, and from deserving the censure, or sustaining the responsibility, usually laid upon them in respect to their relation to classes below them. Let not the Convention, in discussing the means of meliorating the condition of men, turn their attention to any source which is fallacious. Our dependence is, the inculcating of religious sentiments, and the spirit of Christianity. This will ultimately rectify whatever is wrong in the relations of society.

REV. MR. OSGOOD, arose to say that the remarks of the gentleman who had just sat down, seemed to indicate that his (MR. O's) observations had been misapprehended. He agreed entirely with the sentiments that the last speaker had expressed.

REV. DR. HALL, of Providence, remarked that the resolution expressed our duty to promote first our own religious views. He could not go fully with the brother from Haverhill who spoke of the divine in man. Why have all these evils prevailed? Not Christianity with all its means and appliances, and with all our efforts in education, had been able to check them. These evils would not exist unless there was something more in man than the divine. The root of the evil is in human nature. It is not in communities, not in system. The best system of religious faith cannot overcome it. Its root is in the heart, and we must understand it in the light of the Cross. In striving for freedom against oppression, for peace against war, for purity against licentiousness, and for whatever other reform, we can do but little until we bring Christianity to bear on the sins of the heart.

Never was there a better opportunity to act, since Christ came into the world. There is charity enough, there is liberty enough for those who claim the largest liberty. Let us not stop to ask more, or to complain that we have no more. Let us do what we feel to be right, let us do it in faith, in the spirit of justice to others, and resolutely. If we could feel our individual accountableness, and go forward and act, for liberty and righteousness, with all who will let us act with them, and help us act;—in such a spirit we should diffuse righteousness to the ends of the earth.

REV. MR. BRADFORD, of Bridgewater, thought that the resolution in referring to other Christian denominations, only expressed more fully by contrast the mission of Unitarians. The problem of our not uniting with other churches was solved, as he thought, in our having different objects to accomplish. But the world perceived we were not doing our duty.

REV. MR. HILL, of Worcester, explained the language of the resolution, as not intended to reflect in the least on the great object which other denominations were pursuing by means of foreign missions. He honored their zeal, their devotedness; he honored the cause in which they were engaged; he admired the heroic self-sacrifice of the men and the women who left behind all the attractions of home, all the enjoyments of Christian civilization, to fulfil the command of the risen Saviour,—"Go into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature." To that great idea were Christians of other denominations specially devoted. Our chief work, on the other hand, we feel to be placed here at home, and therefore we should be the foremost in it. Surely it would be greatly to our reproach, if while others are laboring so signally for a foreign object to which we are contributing no direct aid, they should be also before us in that which we regard as our own chief mission.

REV. MR. WHITMAN, of Bridgewater, said that he thought the resolution, as it stood, implied by comparison that our brethren of other names were not doing much for benevolent objects at home.

REV. MR. MUZZEY, did not see the reason for introducing any mention of other denominations in the resolution. We were bound to stand where Christianity places us, independently of the position of others. But who that knows any thing of the history of temperance, of peace, &c., does not know also that foremost in their origin and advancement have stood orthodox men?

At this stage of the discussion, the Resolution, with two amendments, which had been proposed for the sake of expressing more exactly the feelings of brethren of the Convention,—one by REV. DR. HALL, and the other by REV. MR. FOLSOM of Charlestown,—was recommitted, to be revised and presented for adoption at another opportunity.

REV. MR. OSGOOD suggested that an hour be devoted, to-morrow morning, for a conference and prayer meeting, previous to re-assembling in Convention—which was seconded and adopted.

REV. MR. BROWN, of the Christian Church, New Bedford, next spoke, and having alluded to his obligation to Channing and Ware, and other Unitarians, he passed to the topics of the Resolution that had been before the Convention. What, he asked, are those sins which the Resolution aims at, but individual sins in the aggregate! Whence come wars! They are the aggregate of the individual lusts of men. How shall we overthrow them? How, but by overcoming the sins of the individual? And how shall we reach the individual? There was a saying of some one, that you can do nothing for any man unless you get beneath his jacket. There is a heart for us to reach. And how reach it! Not if we go with any feeling of pride, or any manifestation of superiority. That would only repel your brother further from you.

It had been said, he believed by Emerson, that the hand that feeds us is in danger of being bitten. We should not forget this trait in man. He might be in hunger, and in want of all things, and you might establish your soup-houses and bid him eat. But he would die rather than accept your charity, if you make him feel a sense of inferiority. We must go to his home in the spirit of love, and of a humanity that shall regard him as a brother. Sweet are the tears that fall from a Howard on the solitary and the outcast. We must go in his spirit, and of Oberlin and Neff—in the spirit of Christ.

MR. B., said he had heard a man in New Bedford boasting of having insulted the city-missionary. And it was because the missionary was looked upon as the mere agent of others; of others too, who had wronged, who had defrauded, many of the class to whom he was sent.

MR. B., thought that censure was deservedly cast on those who spend their hundreds of thousands for the conversion of heathen abroad, and passed by the many at home. Here, said he, in New Bedford, while our missionaries are sent forth to the islands of the Pacific, are scores of these very heathen, vicious, neglected. They see the inside of the brothels, but not the churches, and they return back to their native land carrying with them the seeds of the vices and diseases which they have gathered here in a Christian land. If New Bedford had done all she might, she would have done a great deal more at home.

REV. MR. STONE, of Salem, having expressed his concurrence generally with the views that others had presented, pointed to the great fact of this great Commonwealth, in the 19th century, with higher knowledge and higher civilization, devoting so many millions of men to slavery,—this great nation putting forth her vast energies in war with a sister Republic, for the extension of this inhuman system of slavery. We should bring this, and the sins of intemperance and licentiousness,—and every other sin—directly before us. We are, indeed, a numerical minority; but this, said Mr. S., is a reason why we should make greater effort.

We have been told that Christianity has done but little to overcome the evils in the world. There is no difficulty in telling why it has not. Christianity has not concentrated its energies for the purpose. Let there be this concentrated effort, and how long would slavery stand? how long war be waged?

At the close of Mr. Stone's remarks, it was voted to adjourn, and REV. MR. MILES, of Lowell, closed the meeting with prayer.

The Collation.

From the Church to the City Hall—where a brilliant social festival was in readiness, prepared by the ladies of New Bedford for members of the Convention and invited guests, to whom tickets were presented with the understanding that each ticket would admit a gentleman and two ladies. We cannot vouch that every gentleman availed himself to the full extent of the privileges of admission; but the spacious hall was filled with both sexes, and every arrangement that met the eye bore witness to the good taste, refinement, delicacy, and skill of the hearts and hands engaged in the preparations. Judge ELLIOTT, of New Bedford, the Chairman of the occasion, having given the welcome in behalf of the ladies in a very felicitious manner, introduced the company, one and all, to the ladies behind the tables. In due time the Chairman began to call upon one and another of the gentlemen in the hall, in a manner that few had the moral courage to resist—though some did resist.

REV. MR. OSGOOD gave some interesting reminiscences of Rev Dr. West, and alluding to the brother of the Chairman—the Rev. Mr. Elliott, of St. Louis—connected the distant with the near. Rev. Dr. PARKMAN made as usual a brief and happy speech.

REV. M. PIERPONT was appointed to express the thanks of the ladies of New Bedford to their guests. But he was considered, we believe, not to carry out the principles of genuine democracy. For instead of obeying to the letter the instructions of his "constituency," what should he do but convey the thanks of the guests to the ladies! And the Rev. Dr. Furness followed in a strain calculated to make the blushes still deeper, or the pleasure of the compliment greater, (just as our readers choose to have it,) as he avowed for this "elect lady" of New Bedford, to whom it was once proposed that he should be united, an interest quite as strong as was consistent with duty to his espoused one at home.

The time arriving for the evening service at the Church, this social occasion, so pleasant, and

so quickening to the social feelings, was closed with the doxology,

From all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise.

The Services on Wednesday Evening.

The introductory devotional exercises were by Rev. Mr. Weiss, pastor of the Church. The sermon was by Rev. Chandler Robbins, of Boston, who took for his text Matt. vi. 6. Enter into thy closet; and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret; and thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly.

It was Mr. R.'s aim to lead the thoughts of his hearers to the inward life. In selecting such a topic, especially when the cry is so loud for action, and when we have met to survey our own province of action, he was influenced by no wish to put things apart which were united, or to separate the inward from the outward life, but because we are in the midst of a stirring age; because we may have come to trust so much to human combinations as to forget our allegiance to God; because we are in the midst of action, and therefore need more spirituality. Enter, said our Savior, into thy closet—why? With what wish or for what end? With no thought of social duty? For high devotional enjoyment? For absorption into Deity? Not for these, but for the result promised to inward piety—for the reward granted in greater power and success in doing good.

The first thought suggested by the text, is, that the power of religious influence and the essential quality of religious action, is determined by the interior, spiritual life. Our Father dwelleth in secret. Through the door that opens inward and upward, he is to be approached, and blessings descend from above. This door within the heart opens out upon the infinite and the eternal; and through it also is our correspondence with duty.

The great question for us, said the preacher, is, How much have we of this inward life? Many labor very hard to do good, yet they accomplish but little. But what a thrill has been sent into many by one burning word of love and truth! What a world of expression in a true man's face! Such a power comes through inward communion with God, such virtue goes forth from the closet. The preacher alluded to Follen and Channing as pre-eminent instances of this.

All lovely manifestations of a lovely spirit flow from the closet, and are the reward of inward devotion. There may be a well filled church, much work done, every visit noted, every dollar accounted for; but all these signs are deceptive. Such a church may have a name to live, and live for a name. The true intent of the labors of the ministry, is, how much faith, humility, and love are produced? Christianity can advance no further than it exists in the heart. Wealth and learning and eloquence cannot bring it. Christ comes through the secret gates of prayer, and the everlasting doors of communion with God.

Again: the tendency has ever been to complicate religion, to vex the religious sentiments with rituals, to puzzle the soul with catechisms. Such a tendency can be resisted only by the influence of the closet. There is no principle that infuses such devotion as the secrecy of our Father. So nigh is he, that if we shut the door against all perplexing earthly guides, we shall find him in the heart. So nigh, that any effort of our own is not needed to secure his presence. So nigh that we have only to hush the heart, and feel his presence. It is here that we learn the Father. All talk of the love of God, without this intercourse of the closet, is but borrowed language. Not only does the closet serve to simplify the devotional feelings, it renders them equable and permanent.

Again: it is a cheering thought, said the preacher, that dwelling as the Father doth in secret, he draws near to hearts that are out of the reach of human influences, secretly educating them and blessing them.

Once more: the true and most direct path to union is through the closet. As we are drawn to the Father, we are drawn to one another.

In conclusion, the preacher urged that we should not go away without deriving new life from the lessons of this Convention. Every calm view of our outward duties is calculated to make us feel deeply the insufficiency of our means; every view of our character, our deficiencies; every combined effort, the comparative feebleness of associated strength. Every thing tells us to look higher than to man. What we all want, the Father can supply. Do we need wisdom, peace, the holy spirit? Do we want more righteousness of life? All this is the outflow of the life within—it is the stamp and expression of inward devotion.

The services of the evening were closed with a very beautiful chant, chiming, in sentiment, in music, in style of expression by the choir, and in sweetness and richness of the organ's notes, with the impressive services of the evening.

Thursday morning, Oct. 19.

Prayer and Conference Meeting.

Brother Holland, of Boston, who presided over the meeting, introduced it with a few earnest words; a hymn was sung, followed by a prayer from Brother Folsom, of Charlestown. Brother Fuller, of Manchester, N. H., rising to speak, said that he came not to the Convention for intellectual aid, but for sympathy which the heart craves, and to be quickened in the divine life. He alluded to the efficacy of the great principles of the gospel, if only brought home to the heart; to our need to be born again as individuals and as a denomination, and closed with the triumph of the good man over sickness, calamity and death, and his victory over sin.

Br. Stone, of Salem, spoke of the concentration of spiritual feeling produced by conferring together. He urged that we should approach God not with any self-exaltation, but with conviction of sin, with purposes single and truthful.

Br. Bradford, of Bridgewater, reminded us of the lesson delivered last evening. For himself, familiar as the text was, he derived a new idea of its import and felt a new impulse. He dwelt on the topic of social prayer, contrasting our practice, in this respect, with that of other denominations, and judging it in the light of the frequent mention of social prayer in the Scriptures.

Br. Muzzey, of Cambridge, spoke of the new commandment by which Christians are distinguished—love to one another with the love of Christ. While secret prayer is a duty and a privilege, and through it we draw nigh to God, still, said he, we draw nigh to God as we love one another. We lift up ourselves toward God, when we do good—when we help a fellow sinner.

Br. Pierpont, of Troy, N. Y., thought there was truth in the remark that we prayed less than other denominations of Christians. But he considered there was something better than praying. Not that he would detract from the duty. He remembered our Lord's example—the apostles' example, and how holy men have always prayed. Not detracting then from the importance of the duty, he would observe that throughout Protestantism there was less prayer than in the Catholic Church. Would he say there is more virtue? By no means. He would say too that he had been more touched by devotion in a Mohammedan mosqe than he had ever been in any Church, catholic or protestant.—There, where every thing was perfectly simple as it should be, you might see an individual enter, and laying down his mat, prostrate himself, unconscious of all around, and engage in the most eloquent private worship. I wish I could see, too, continued the speaker, as much fidelity among Christians in their daily walks as exists among the disciples of Mahomet—men, who if they give their word will never fall back. And he narrated an anecdote. An American traveller called at a shop where the owner was not present, and every thing stood exposed. What, said the traveller, do you leave your goods in this way? I should think they would be stolen. Stolen! replied the individual whom he was addressing. There are no Christians here. Mohammedan morality, however, added the speaker, is not before Christian morality. But we are rebuked by their example so far as devotion is concerned.

He mentioned also being greatly touched, as he rode round Constantinople, with the sight of a soldier who came forth from his tent in the field, and prostrated himself, at the setting of the sun. When shall we see this among the soldiers here? But the speaker said he did not regard prayer as an ultimate duty. There was a proverb, "Laborase est orare"—*Labor* is prayer. Doing good is communion with the Father of our spirits. For in what does his greatest glory consist? In his eternal existence? In his almighty power? In his spotless holiness? No—though the seraphs vail their faces before him, and repeat the Trisagion, this is not his highest glory. But it is his infinite benevolence, it is that he employs his infinite power in doing good. Grant him all his power, but paralyze his benevolence, and is he your God? the God of our Lord Jesus Christ? Our prayers are valuable as they lead us to follow Christ. His work of mercy and doing good is the work of the Christian, and this is the end to which all our efforts in our prayer meetings should tend. Let us prove ourselves to be sons of God in doing the work which God hath assigned us to do.

Convention Resumed.

The hour having arrived—half past 9 A. M., to which Convention was adjourned, the President took the chair and called on Rev. Dr. Hall of Providence to open the meeting with prayer. The Committee on Resolutions reported a resolution to nominate a committee of five to make arrangements for the next meeting. It was moved and carried that the Committee on Resolutions for the present convention be that committee.

The 2nd Resolution was again submitted by the Committee in an amended form, nearly as follows:

Resolved, That while we esteem it our duty to help as far as lies in our power the spread of Christianity abroad, we feel it to be our special duty to labor to promote freedom, peace, temperance, purity, and piety at home.

The Resolution was unanimously passed.

The 3rd Resolution was next presented:

Resolved, that in an age remarkable for its physical developments and devoted in an unexampled degree to a physical good, the peculiar peril of the times is to be averted only by the spirit of profound reverence and fervent devotion.

Rev. Mr. Farley of Brooklyn, N. Y., observed that it was his lot to be placed where the state of things as presented in the first part of the resolution was forced on his notice. The great increase of business in the metropolis, everywhere strikes the eye. The whole end and aim of men would seem to be to accumulate around them the means of worldly gratification and splendor. As you pass the shop windows, your eye is arrested by the numerous articles all designed to minister to the sensual and material man. As you turn into the streets where the wealthy reside, you behold palace after palace rising—and the aim is, who shall eclipse what has been built before. Five years ago, what was regarded as a palace, is now cast quite into the shade. And these palaces are furnished in the most costly manner. Mr. F. said that he was recently told by a salesman in a store, that a very costly French chair, just received, had been declined by an English nobleman as too expensive, but was taken by an American merchant. These palaces, though not so large, yet so far as the ground they do cover, will vie in every respect with some of the richest palaces in the old world. Not New York only, but Boston, is hastening on with rapid strides in the march of luxury.

It would seem to require more than mortal power to avert so great an evil which threatens to bury every thing spiritual beneath it. But if there is any thing to throw a check in its way, it is the spirit of reverence and devotion. This will bring the heart of the opulent to consider that they are to stand in judgement for their gifts and opportunities—that to whom much is given, from them much is required—that they are to live not unto themselves.

But our religion, said Mr. F., is a reasonable religion. It does not require the wealthy to strip themselves of the surroundings of wealth. In the exercise of a spirit of true devotion, they may make their wealth subservient to their own intellectual and spiritual culture, and to the welfare of the community; having been "faithful in the unrighteous mammon," they shall receive committed to their trust, the true, everlasting riches.

Rev. Mr. Osgood alluded to the elevating ministries of art, nor would he have these confined to any one class. But we live our true life, said he, when we live in the spiritual world. Is it not our own mission to open to men the spiritual world? You never win the respect of the rich more than when you give them tender thoughts of God. They will not think highly of you for ringing changes on the gospel of this world, Be honest, and you will be saved. It is the more important in such an age as this, to bring to bear on men's minds the power of spiritual truth. We believe in the kingdom of heaven not dreamed of, but come. When we receive that, we are born again—all things become new. Not that we may despise this material world, but that we may be kept from the evil.

Taking this view of things, we shall honor Jesus as his disciples. It is as he lives in us, it is as he is present with us a quickening spirit of life, it is as the law of the spirit of life in Christ rules in us, it is as the spirit of profound reverence and fervent devotion is imbued into our hearts by his teachings, and example, and communion, that we shall overcome worldly influences. The Church is the great agency. Faith in Christ the Anointed of God, is the power. In conclusion Mr. O. urged the need of more professional fidelity.

Mr. Geo. W. Warren, of Boston, remarked, in reference to an observation from the speaker who preceded him, that as our denomination consists very much of active business men, who are therefore greatly exposed, there was need of preaching up honesty. They need to know that honesty *is* the best policy.

But while others have accused us of believing that a moral life is sufficient, he was glad to know that we were asking more, and he thought our conference meetings agreat help in attaining this life of devotion which we feel we need. Especially at conference meetings in private houses, where works of art, where painting and statuary, lent their aid, had he himself passed some of his happiest moments, and felt the richness of the influences of the occasion.

Rev. Dr. Furness, sympathised with all that had been said about our deficiencies. One thought he felt desirous to impress on his brethren. A bountiful Providence has not left man altogether in the hands of the clergy. Every man has an excellent instructer in his own breast. He once met in the country a man in a Quaker garb, and asking him about the doctrine of the inward light, the central doctrine of his denomination, and maintained so earnestly by George Fox, this humble friend could tell nothing about it, but, said Mr. F., he was one of the purest illustrations of Christianity I ever saw.

The speaker said he knew also a man who had been trained in the dregs of London—had passed his early life in utter hopelessness and wretchedness, and out of the reach of any good influences, but he was now redeemed, and presented an illustration of some of the greatest excellencies of human nature.

Dr. F. spoke of the social occasion the previous evening, as compared with the exclusively religious, and thought there was too great a contrast in passing from one to the other.—Who need go from such a social assembly to Church? Why not blend the social with the religious in such a manner as to secure the highest spiritual influence also.

Rev. Dr. Parkman, having expressed his concurrence with the previous speaker in respect to the ministry that had been provided for every man in his own heart, dwelt on the Church and the outward ministry as an indispensable aid to co-operate with the inward life. Nor did he for himself feel any conflict between the social festival at the hall and the services that followed at the Church, but on the coutrary a peculiar satisfaction as he connected the gladness of that hour with tho reverence of this place.

[The reports of the addresses intervening between this and the close, we are compelled very reluctantly to defer until next week. They were all prepared in season for this week's paper; but the holiday of Wednesday has thrown the printers behind hand, and prevented their setting up the matter in a condensed form which would have contained it all. We will only now sketch the outline of the proceedings, and give the close. The next speakers on the resolution before the meeting were Hon. Mr. Hoar, of Concord, Rev. Messrs. Stone, of Salem, Bellows, Nicholson of Illinois, Pierpont and Holland. The 3rd Resolution was then adopted.—The 4th Resolution was adopted without debate. The *fifth* Resolution was then presented, and the speakers on it were Rev. Messrs. Waterston of Boston, Pierpont, and Weiss.]

The fifth resolution was passed—the members of the Convention rising in their seats.

The Committee for the next Convention was nominated as follows:

Rev. Mr. Thompson of Salem, Rev. Dr. Young of Boston, Rev. Mr. Lincoln of Fitchburg, Mr. Francis Alger of Boston, and Hon. T. D. Elliott of New Bedford.

On motion of Rev. Mr. Hill, it was resolved, that the thanks of this Convention be presented to our brethren and sisters of New Bedford, for the cordial welcome which they have extended to us, and the generous hospitality with which they have entertained us, and that we shall return to our homes with the feeling that the tie of Christian sympathy has been strengthened between us.

On motion of Rev. Mr. Farley, resolved that the thanks of the Convention be, and they are hereby presented to the Hon. Joseph Grinnell, for the kind, faithful, and dignified manner in which he has guided and presided over our deliberations.

Rev. Mr. Weiss expressed thanks to the Convention in the name of his society.

The Convention was then closed with prayer by Rev. Mr. Whitman of Bridgewater, and by singing the Doxology.

INSTALLATION OF REV. M. G. THOMAS.

On Thursday evening Oct. 19, Rev. Moses G. Thomas was installed over the Centre Church and Society in New Bedford. In our own necessary absence, we are indebted to a friend for the order of exercises. They were as follows;

1. Anthem. The Lord is in his holy Temple. 2. Introductory Prayer and Selections from Scripture by Rev. Mr. Dawes of Fair Haven. 3. Hymn. 4. Sermon by Rev. Mr. Stone, of Salem, whose text was John 1. 9. "That was the true Light which lighted every man. Subject:—the great sources of Truth, viz: The Church, the Bible, Nature. Truth is in all of them, not in one exclusively. 5. Prayer of Installation by Rev. Mr. Briggs, of Plymouth. 6. Anthem. 7. Charge, by Rev. Dr. Allen of Northboro.—8. Right Hand of Fellowship by Rev. Mr. Weiss of New Bedford. 9. Address to the people by Rev. Dr. E. Peabody. 10. Concluding Prayer by Rev. Mr. Morton (of the Christian Society) New Bedford.

Corrections. The following, with a few other errors, were corrected in a part of last week's edition:—Page 170, col. 2, l. 50, for "when," read *whom*; l. 92, for "selection," read *salvation*. Col. 3, l. 54, for "sit," read *set it*; l. 74, for "that is," read *that it is*. Col. 4, l. 19, for "the —— ages," read *the sanction of ages*; l. 40, for "Thomas," read *Thompson*. Col. 6, l. 40, for "revealed to," read *revealed to us*. P. 171, col. 1, l. 24, for "purity," read *parity*.

☞ We are under particular obligations to Col. Hatch, of the New Bedford Rail Road Express, for prompt deliverance of dispatches for the last week's *Register*.

Natural and Common Results. Nearly every murder for several years that has been committed in Rockingham and Strafford counties, has been connected with musters. On Saturday last, at the muster at Epping, Stephen Thomas of Newmarket, was stabbed by John Thorn of Epping, with a large jack knife.—He was arrested and imprisoned. It is thought the wound will not be fatal. The murder by Howard was on a muster day—so was the murder by Ferguson. [Ports. Jour.

Meadville School. The term of my department in this Institution closed for the present year, on the 3d inst. The school commenced its academical year with fair prospects. Eleven new students had arrived previous to my leaving; and tidings were received of four others who were expected in daily. Of the eleven who had arrived, four are of the Christian connection, three are Unitarians, one a Congregationalist, one a Baptist, one a Methodist and one a Restorationist. Of the four expected in, three are of the Christian connection, and one a Unitarian. D M.

Thanksgiving. Gov. Briggs, of Massachusetts, has appointed Thursday, the 30th of November, for the observance of Thanksgiving.

The Western New York Churches compared with others. In the bounds of five Presbyteries reporting to the Synod, (See N. Y. Evangelist, Sept. 7, 1848,) *there are one hundred and nine churches, and only thirty-nine pastors.*

In the State of Connecticut, the two hundred and fifty-eight Evangelical Congregational churches, have no less than two hundred and sixteen settled pastors. In Massachusetts, the proportion of pastors is still greater. Throughout New England, the average is probably but little lower. And in the Old School Presbyterian Church, though in some parts it extends over a wide and unsettled territory, the average of churches supplied with pastors is believed to be seventy or eighty per cent of the whole.

Professor Torrey's Neander. The sale of Professor Torrey's translation of Neander has been encouraging and is increasing, so that the translator is encouraged to complete the work as soon as possible, as far as published in the original. The two volumes of the translation already published, have been reprinted at Edinburg, in one large volume.

The Plague of Locusts.—The Hungarians, in addition to the plague of war and sickness, are now visited with the plague of locusts threatening them with that of famine. The Argum Gazette states that swarms of locusts have passed over the frontiers from Turkey, and that they are committing frightful ravages in numerous places.

☞ MASSACHUSETTS CINCINNATI. The Standing Committee of the Massachusetts Cincinnati, in conformity with a vote of the Society, give notice to the Widows and Orphans of deceased members—and to such of their Brethren, who need assistance, to make application to either of the Standing Committee, on or before Wednesday, November, the first, 1848.

The Committee.

General Henry Barbeck, *New London*, Dr. Joseph Prescott of *Halifax*, Hon. Charles S. Davies, *Portland*, Hon Elijah Vose, *Dorchester*, Hon. Henry A. S. Dearborn, *Roxbury*, Zibeon Hooker, Esq., *Sheffield*, Rev. A. L. Baury, *Newton*, Lovel Peters, Esq., *Westborough*, Edmund T. Hastings, Esq., *Medford*, Seth Drew Esq., *Kingston*, Messrs. Robert G. Shaw, Wm. Perkins, John Bryant, Thos. Jackson, Adams Bailey, John Homans, Henry K. Hancock, and Thos. Seward of *Boston*, are by this advertisement, notified to meet in the United States Hotel, in this city, on Wednesday, November the first, 1848, at ten o'clock, A. M.

ADAMS BAILEY, Recorder.
Boston, Sept. 30, 1848. 5tis

☞ SUNDAY EVENING SERVICES. Religious services *every Sunday evening* in the Chapel on Freeman Place, Beacon st.

Conference meeting or a Lecture *every Wednesday evening*, at the same place.

Our friends are invited to meet with us on these evenings, as they may find opportunity. oct28

☞ THE MIDDLESEX NORTH ASSOCIATION, will hold their next meeting at Rev. Mr. Smith's, in Groton, on Wednesday, Nov. 1st, at 10 o'clock, A. M.

oct28 JOS. C. SMITH, Scribe.

☞ PLYMOUTH COUNTY BIBLE SOCIETY. The Anniversary Meeting, appointed for October 4, having been unavoidably deferred, is now notified to take place at East Bridgewater, on Wednesday, Nov. 1. An address will be delivered in the Meeting-House of the First Society, at 1½ P. M., by Rev. D. Huntington, of N. Bridgewater; and a collection taken afterwards in aid of the objects of the Society. The Society will meet for the choice of Officers, &c., in the Hall of the Sons of Temperance, at 11, A. M. The Trustees are requested to assemble at Rev. Mr. Whitman's residence at 10, A. M.

All the Clergymen in the County, and other persons interested in the cause, are invited to be present at the meetings of the Society.

oct28 A. R. POPE, Secretary.

☞ WORCESTER WEST ASSOCIATION.—There will be a meeting of this Association, at Ware, on Monday next, at 4, P. M.

oct28 H. H. BOND, Scribe.

☞ NOTICE. The Female Samaritan Society, will hold their Thirty First Anniversary, on Sunday evening next, in the First Universalist Church in Hanover Street. Sermon, by the Rev. A. A. Miner.—After which, a collection will be taken in aid of its funds. Services commencing at half past six o'clock. oct28

MARRIAGES.

In this city, 16th inst, by Rev J. F. Clarke, Samuel B. Purple of Columbus, Ga., to Miss Jane A. Thomas of Boston.

18th inst, by Rev Mr Gray, Mr Julian O. Mason of Charlestown to Miss Sarah E. Frost of Boston.

18th inst, at the Thirteenth Congregational Church, by Rev J. I. T. Coolidge, Mr Calvin H. Young of Scituate to Miss Morgiana A., eldest daughter of Thomas Bancroft of Boston.

18th inst, by Rev A. A. Miner, Mr Oliver H. Fox of Quincy, Ill., to Mrs Abby Gilbert of this city.

In Malden, Mr Henry Fisk of Waltham to Miss Eliza Burrill of M.

In Waltham, Oct. 11th, by Rev Thomas Hill, Mr Charles M. Fellows to Miss Rebecca F., youngest daughter of the late Moses Eastman, Esq., of W.

In Canton, by Rev B. Huntoon, Mr John W. Wentworth to Miss Harriet E. Chamberlin, all of C.

In Salem, Oct. 17th, James Harris, Jr., to Miss Mehitable F. Brown, daughter of Mr Charles Brown.

Oct. 15th, Mr Edmund Rhoades of Boston to Mrs Eliza Ann Cole of that city.

In Ware, Oct. 3, by Rev George S. Ball, Mr John F. Gerald, Jr., of Southbridge, to Miss Caroline Bascom of W.

In Raynham, 15th ult, Mr Bradford D. Snow to Miss Mary H. Shaw, both of R.

In Sharon, Oct. 11th, by Rev. James L. Stone, Mr Samuel Gooch to Miss Elizabeth W. Dickerman.

In Kingston, Oct. 19th, by Rev A. R. Pope, Mr Warren Turner of Bridgewater to Miss Mary Gray Cook of K. Also, same evening, Mr James H. Pratt to Miss Catherine Frane, both of K.

In Ipswich, Oct. 19th, Mr Willard Goldthwait to Miss Martha Browne, both of Salem.

In Portland, Me., Mr Leonard E. Fryer, Jr., of Boston, to Miss Clarinda B. Stevens.

In Newburyport, by Rev Mr Higginson, Mr Augustus B. Edmands of Charlestown, to Miss Lavinia, daughter of Mr Eliphalet Griffin of N.

In Dublin, N. H., by Rev Mr Leonard, Mr Willard Carey of this city to Miss Julia A. Robbe of Dublin.

In Augusta, Me., 18th inst, Mr John L. Cutter of Farmington to Miss Zylphia, daughter of Hon. Reuel Williams.

In Providence, R. I, by Rev E. M. Stone, Mr John A. Greene to Miss Hannah E. Dodge, both of Beverly.

In Springfield, Mr Lewis Foster, to Mrs Martha Noyes.

In New York City, Sept. 14, Mr George D. Kellogg of Amherst, Mass., to Miss Elizabeth D. Young of the former place.

DEATHS.

In Charlestown, Oct. 16th, son of Mr Edward Pratt, 17.

In Brookline, 13th inst, Mrs Jane, widow of the late John Hayden, Esq., of Brookline, 65.

In Cambridge, 18th inst, in the 67th year of his age, Samuel Sheafe Willard, son of the late President Willard.

In Ipswich, Mr John Baker, 81, formerly a resident of Salem.

In Providence, R. I., 18th inst, Lydia Ann, daughter of George W. and Sarah Ann Lyon, 14 mos 1 day.

In Commerce, Scott Co., Mo., Sept. 5th, Mr Isaac Reed, a native of Massachusetts.

Washington, North Carolina.

MR. FOWLE.—Dear Sir:—"Mr. Hervey Hill, whose certificate is given below, is one of our most respectable and honest farmers, and his wife now enjoys good health.

Very respectfully yours,
WM. A. SHAW, M. D."

Beaufort County, North Carolina,
Chocowinity, near Washington, 12th Aug. 1847.

The undersigned, feeling grateful for the relief afforded by the use of Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry, deems that it is but an act of justice to say, that *but for the use of that valuable remedy*, his wife, long afflicted with what she and all others considered Consumption, would have probably been, ere this, in her grave. But all the dangerous and unpleasant symptoms have been removed by the use of a few bottles, and she now attends to her daily avocations as usual.

HERVEY HILL.

Buy none but Dr. Wistar's, with I. BUTTS on the wrapper.

For sale by SETH W. FOWLE, 138 Washington street, and by Druggists generally, throughout the United States. oct28

DAY'S ACADEMY, WRENTHAM CENTRE.

THE Winter Term will commence Tuesday, the 5th of December, and continue 11 weeks.

The Institution is located in a quiet and pleasant Village and the society is such as to recommend to both student and parent.

Catalogues will be sent to those who may desire further information.

L. ALLEN KINGSBURY, Principal.
Wrentham, Oct. 28. 4tis

NEW BOOKS. Happy Talk Towards the End of Life, by Mountford.
Thoughts of a Life Time, by Caroline Gilman.
The Sunday School and other Poems, by Tappan.
The Rosary of Illustrations, Edited by Rev. E. E. Hale.
Living Sketch Book, Illustrated.
The Waldorf Family or Grandfather's Legends.
The Opal, Edited by Mrs. Hale.
Buds and Blossoms for the Young, by Mrs. Hughes.
Christmas Roses, a New Year's Gift.
The Women of the Scriptures, Illustrated.
Gems of Beauty, Illustrated, &c., &c., &c.

Received and for sale by JAMES MUNROE & CO., 134 Washington, opposite School st.
oct28 1is2os

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1. History of Napoleon's Empire.
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4. Joseph Lancaster.
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CARMINA SACRA or BOSTON COLLECTION OF CHURCH MUSIC. By L. Mason; greatly admired for the beauty, chasteness, and sterling character of its music. Published under the recommendation of the Boston Academy of Music, with a pamphlet supplement of 59 Select Tunes added in 1848 by another author, increasing the variety and excellence of the Collection without extra charge.

THE BOSTON ACADEMY'S COLLECTION. Edited by L. Mason. This standard work is so well known and used as to preclude the necessity of any recommendation.

THE PSALTERY. By L. Mason and G. J. Webb. One of the most complete works of the kind ever published. It has received the sanction of the Boston Handel & Haydn Society, and the Boston Academy of Music. In style there is a great diversity, it being suited to every variety of subject and occasion, and is especially adapted to congregational use. The Psaltery will make a valuable addition to the Boston Academy's Collection and Carmina Sacra, and ought to be in every choir.

NOW READY,
A New Church Music Book for the Present Season, namely:—

THE NATIONAL LYRE; A new collection of psalm and hymn tunes, comprising the best ancient and modern compositions of established merit, with a choice selection of chants, &c., designed for the use of choirs, congregations, singing schools and societies throughout the United States. By S. Parkman Tuckerman, Silas A. Bancroft, and H. K. Oliver. It is believed that this will be one of the most beautiful collections ever published. It consists of old, new and original music, all of which is of a strictly devotional character. The old tunes have simple arrangements, and are within the capacity of all performers. The new ones have been selected with great care from classic compositions, while it is hoped that the original may be found of sufficient variety to please all tastes. All needless difficulties in the construction of the vocal parts have been avoided; and as far as possible each separate part has been made interesting and easy to the performer. Another important feature of this book is the substitution of small notes for figures in the organ score. As comparatively few persons have the opportunity to perfect themselves in Thorough Bass sufficiently to play even plain psalmody correctly from figures, it is hoped that this arrangement will meet the cordial approbation of all. The book being somewhat less in size than the others the price will not exceed $6 per dozen, thus placing it within the reach not only of choirs in special want of new books, but of those which are already supplied.

NEW CHORUS BOOK, SPECIALLY ADAPTED TO THE USE OF CHOIRS:

THE CHOIR CHORUS BOOK. By A. N. Johnson, Professor in the Boston Academy of Music. A collection of choruses, from the works of Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Mendelssohn, and other distinguished composers. This work embraces a larger collection of choruses than has been before published, arranged in a form for the use and improvement of choirs; and it is believed that, besides the additional interest which its use imparts to choir meetings, the study of the pure compositions it contains, will greatly improve the taste and facilitate the power of execution. Although only published in the summer, several editions *have been already sold.* Price $7,50 per dozen.

SCHOOL MUSIC BOOKS.

THE PRIMARY SCHOOL SONG BOOK, in two parts. By L. Mason and G. J. Webb, Professor in the Boston Academy of Music. It is supposed that any mother, or primary school teacher, who can herself sing, although she may know so little of musical characters as not to be able to read music herself, may by the help of this book, be enabled to teach her pupils with good success, and thus prepare the way for a more thorough and extensive course in higher schools.

THE SONG BOOK OF THE SCHOOL ROOM; Consisting of a great variety of songs, hymns, and scriptural selections, with appropriate music, arranged to be sung in one, two, or three parts; containing, also, the elementary principles of vocal music, prepared with reference to the inductive or Pestalozzian method of teaching, designed as a complete musical manual for common or grammar schools By Lowell Mason and George James Webb. This work has been prepared with reference to the wants of common schools and academies, and is designed to follow the above work.

Also published as above:

THE BOSTON CHORUS BOOK; Consisting of a selection of the most popular choruses, from the works of Handel, Haydn, and other eminent composers, arranged in full vocal score, with an accompaniment for the piano forte or organ. Compiled by Mason and Webb.

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HANDEL'S ORATORIO OF THE MESSIAH; Arranged by John Bishop, of Cheltenham, England.

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GENTLEMEN'S GLEE BOOK; Selected from the most admired German composers. By L. Mason.

☞ Teachers and others are invited to call and examine these and other musical works, at No. 16 Water street, Boston. 6wisos oct21

TEACHER. A lady who has for some time given instruction in a public Academy, in the higher English branches, in French, Drawing and Painting, desires a situation either in a family, or in a private school. Satisfactory references will be given. Inquire at this Office. istf sept16

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RESPECTFULLY inform their friends and the public, that they have removed from No. 35 Tremont Row, to the New Granite Block,

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second door south of Summer street, where they are now opening an extensive variety of

LINEN GOODS
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HOUSEKEEPING ARTICLES,

many of which are entire new styles, and of warranted fabrics, being mostly of their own importation. Purchasers may rely on getting

GOOD GOODS
AT THE LOWEST MARKET PRICES.

oct21 3tis3tos

NEW HYMN BOOK.

WILLIAM D. TICKNOR & CO., corner of Washington and School Streets, have just published a new and stereotype Edition of a Book of Hymns, for Public and Private Devotion—Edited by Rev. Samuel Longfellow, and Rev. Samuel Johnson—containing many additional hymns, handsomely bound in black sheep,—Price 62½. A liberal discount made to Societies. This collection has been adopted by several Churches, and the publishers are gratified to know that it gives great satisfaction.

The following are some of the testimonials in favor of the work.

[From the Literary World.]

"As a collection of sacred poetry and appropriate Hymns, this book cannot be surpassed."

[From the Evening Gazette.]

"It is probably the most poetical compilation of Christian poems adapted to the spiritual want of a community, that has been issued in our country, combining as it does all the higher elements of religious composition."

[From the Daily Advertiser.]

"It is well that the beauties of this collection are so well known as to make a new Edition necessary. It is indeed a most happy selection of the gems of devotional poetry in England and our own country, with the addition of several very excellent hymns which first appeared in this work. More than one hundred additional hymns are added in this Edition."

[From the Daily Atlas.]

"For this excellent collection of sacred poetry, we are indebted to the conjoint labors of the Rev. Samuel Longfellow, a brother of our own best poet, and the Rev. Samuel Johnson. So far as we feel competent to judge about such matters, we should think it well calculated to meet the wants of religious Societies. As a book of religious poetry, suited to the reading of a person of refined taste, it is superior to any collection that we have examined. Besides the best Hymns of the English lyrical poets, it contains many "sacred songs," from the pens of Longfellow, Bryant, Pierpont, Bulfinch, Norton, Whittier, Furness, Frothingham and others of our American Bards.

These Hymns are among the best in the collection, and the compilers have done the religious public a favor in thus bringing them together

[From the Boston Courier.]

"A more valuable collection of devotional poetry we feel confident has never been issued. It seems to have been made by Editors possessing the requisite taste and poetic feeling for such a task, and hardly any one will take up the book for the first time without reading every line it contains. A volume so delightful in its designs and execution must find a wide circulation in our Churches, and among the family circles of our country."

[From the Boston Transcript.]

"While many of the beautiful hymns of Watts and Wesley are here retained, there is many a Gem of devotional poetry not so well known, selected from Bowring, Roscoe, Sterling, Montgomery, Milman, Heber, Gray, Bulfinch, Keble, Follen and others, whose genius in this department of writing requires no further endorsement than the perusal of the hymns in this collection."

Societies desirous of examining this work with the view of introducing it may obtain copies, *gratis*, on application to the Publishers. oct7

THE LARGEST PAINTING IN THE WORLD.

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Grand Classical Panorama,

OF THE

SEA AND SHORES OF THE MEDITERRANEAN.

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july15 tf

MEDICATED INHALATION. For Pulmona Complaints, Bronchitis, Asthma, Chronic Affections and Digestive Organs. Dr. Frost can be consulted by Patients at his Office, Rear 51 Cambridge street, Boston, personally, or by letter, where he treats the above complaints by a new and decidedly improved method by which the patient is relieved principally of the nauseating effects of continued taking of drugs, but receives his medicine by *inhalation* to the parts affected so that the healthy parts of the system need not be affected and sickened by the curative remedy, thus giving a *practical remedy* to the disease and leaving nature to pursue its true course. Patients out of the city are requested to be as minute as possible in the detail of their cases, as to the duration of their complaints, the symptoms, age, habits of living and occupation. Address post paid as above, advice gratis.

Note.—The most prevalent and atal of all diseases incident to our climate, *Consumption*, may generally be traced to a slight cold. By an estimate not long since made, it appears that upwards of *one hundred and fifty thousand die* annually of *Pulmonary* Complaints. *Take heed*, delays are dangerous.

nov6 ialy

Dancing and Calisthenics.

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POETRY.

For the Register.

TO —— ——

'Tis no familiar scene:
This picture has no place upon the walls
Where Memory's hand has traced the rosy hours
Of life's clear morning.—Yonder grassy path
My footsteps never trod in those bright years
When untried spirits mov'd in sunlight ever
Heedless of clouded skies, the light within
Mantling the earth with beauty.—These grey rocks
Sent back their clear and ringing echoes never
To words or laugh of mine. Another heart
Treasures the record which it bore from hence,
With reverent love, listening to words here spoken
By lips the grave has sealed.—But that true heart,
Is linked so close with mine in deathless bonds,
That all it loves is sanctified to me,
And for its sake this place is holy ground.
How fair the scene! dear one thou should'st be here!
The soften'd glory of this sunset hour,
The deep'ning twilight, and the young moon's smile,
Where do they fall on thee? How many hearts
Far distant on the wide spread fields of life,
Give gentlest thoughts to this secluded spot,
The 'play-place' of their childhood.

One true life
Had its beginning here.—A youthful soul,
Trained by adversity to uncomplaining,
Unshielded save by native nobleness,
Went forth from hence to battle with the world
By that stern warfare strengthened;—every germ
Of promise, watered by the tears of sorrow,
When he, unfriended, from home's quiet precincts
Went boldly forth to win his way alone,
Attained its full perfection—and he stands
Rich in all excellence that makes man noble.
Here the fleet footsteps bounded, that have since
Trod with a purpose high the path of duty,
Firm and unfaltering, never turned aside
From Wisdom's peaceful ways.—These same old rocks
Have echoed to the voice that ever speaketh
So fearlessly for Virtue and the Right,
And makes for me the music of my life;
And here was filled that fountain in the soul,
Whose waters sweet, and murmurs musical,
Call angels down to dwell there, scaring thence
Deceitful shapes of ill. By its clear waves
Watch Faith, and Hope, and Love, and sweet flowers bloom
Where'er the bright drops fall;—To him who keeps
The well-spring pure, the Father grants the boon
To bring a blessing to the homes of earth.

One more sweet memory,
Fair, peaceful spot! is ever linked with thee;
Here in the soul the firm resolve was born,
Which since has gained fruition, that a life
Pass in the Master's service.—Friend! elov'd!
Thy spirit fills the place.—When all our years
Lie far behind us, and the tale is told
That once we lived, if it shall then be mine
With thee to meet the approving smile of God,
'Twill be thy hand that led me to his feet.

Salem, Oct. 1848. M. H. S.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A Paris Romance.

In the afternoon of the first day of the insurrection, Friday, June 23rd, about an hour before the cannonading commenced at a certain barricade in the 'quartier St. Jacques,' curiosity led me to try to pass down a street running at right angles into the one in which the barricade was, and which, could I have passed it, would have bro't me immediately between the barricade and the place where the military force, composed in a good measure of artillery, was placed. But I knew nothing of this then. The street at the end running into the barricaded one was guarded by four young National Guards, apparently students. Their orders had, they said, been explicit, *to let no one pass*. Having determined to go into St. Jacques by that street, I was now somewhat vexed when I was so firmly refused permission to pass; I talked with the Guards; told them how ridiculous it was to stop me; that I could as well pass that way, as go back to the next street, as they suggested. I asked whether that, if I lived next door, upon the barricaded street, they would pretend to stop me. They said they should not pretend to prevent me from going through the houses, or by any other way, to my hotel, but no man, woman or child should pass them, if they could prevent it, without a permission from their superior officer. In turning away I saw a Lieutenant of the National Guard coming down, when I, together with nearly a dozen more, who, thinking to pass there had been stopped, went up to him for his permission that we might pass, but he seemed in a hurry, and was pushing on when he in turn was stopped by—

"Where are you going?" from one of the Guards.

"To join my company, down there," answered he.

But the same "You can't pass, sir," was given him, and he turned quickly back, to join his company by another way.

This looked too much like obeying orders for me to hope to get any further in that direction, when a Lieutenant of another company was stopped, and forced to turn back, and as I was only prompted by curiosity to go at all, I was about turning back again, when I saw, coming down the street, a neatly dressed and very pretty young woman, whereupon I concluded to stop and see with what success she met. As soon as the young Guards saw what was in the wind, they appeared moved. It was evident they dreaded the contest into which they had good reason to expect they would be forced. They might muster courage enough to resist a goodly band of insurgents, but a pair of bright eyes, rosy cheeks, and ruby lips, were very different things; but to their honor be it said, when the shock did come, they proved themselves equal to their duty.

The young Mademoiselle seeing none but citizen soldiers, and they, too, of a very peculiar sort, and probably not knowing the passage was barred, was walking past, without the least ceremony, when the first, and as it happened, luckily or unluckily, I can't say which, the best looking of the young men, put his gun out before her and said, with the greatest possible politeness,

"It is not permitted to pass, Mademoiselle."

Upon this a battery of sharp yet playful words, for who would say any worse could come from so pretty a mouth—and bright glances were opened upon the poor fellow, but to no effect; the Guard persisted that no one could pass.

"But," said the young lady, "I live in that street."

"What number?" asked the Guard, with some eagerness.

She told him.

"I am very sorry it is so, Mademoiselle, but I cannot permit you to pass," said her antagonist, "we have had orders to *let no one pass*, and those orders must be obeyed."

The lady then tried to pass, but the Guard was too strong for her, though perhaps the knowledge that she was dealing with a soldier on duty, might have prevented her from laying out all her strength; she was a woman, and women are weak and frail, unless nerved up by uncommon circumstances, so she could have accomplished nothing had she had only this one Guard to oppose her.

It was evident, matters with those two persons were becoming worse every fast. The Guard felt himself in a perplexing predicament, and wished to make an end of it, and the lady was getting quite excited, and well she might, for she was within a stone's throw of home; so the young citizen soldier said, in a half playful, half serious tone, "now hear me, my pretty little lass, I say once for all you cannot pass." Then came a whole broadside of cutting words, and as fierce glances as those beautiful eyes could dart, all of which, however, the young man resisted bravely; seeing which, the unfortunate young lady suddenly changed her manner of attack, and commenced a kind of teasing coquetry. She raised her pretty foot, and kicked at the man of war, but he stepped one side, and the foot passed him, if the person could not. She then clenched her delicate hand and aimed a blow, a very mild one though, at his stubborn head, but he bowed it and missed the blow, but still remained obdurate and unrelenting. The maiden seeing this could restrain herself no longer, and burst into tears. But tears, though they had run in floods down that beautiful face, could have availed nothing, for the man who saw them was a veritable *citizen*, a true republican, and though in the full prime and vigor of youthful manhood, placed duty first and foremost upon his code of action. Duty before gallantry. A strange sight, and an unnerving one, too, was that, to see so beautiful a damsel with her bright black eyes filled with tears, beseeching a young man to let her pass him, that she might get home, to quiet the fears of an invalid mother in such a time as that, when brothers were fighting against brothers in the streets and houses, and from opposite windows, and to see him stonily refuse the tear-supported petition!

The lady becoming almost desperate, said she would go, and to that end stepped quickly past the Guard and was hurrying on home, but the young man was not to be beaten thus, as quick as thought he placed his gun across her breast, and said, in a stern and determined voice, and with the everlasting *sacre nom de*—of the French, said, "Mademoiselle, I say *you shall not pass*." This was enough, and she turned and went weeping away.

I and my disappointed companions followed her, for we saw there was no prospect for us, staying there. We had gone but a few paces, before boom, boom, boom, went the brazen-throated cannon, and crash, crash, crash, went window glass and shutters and mirrors upon the walls within and barricades of timber. It was so sudden that for a moment I was somewhat disconcerted, and when I looked down the street the smoke from the fire of the two parties having met at the bottom, came looming up, and had already hid the Guards from our sight.—This firing was kept up for about half an hour, or till the barricade which was built of timber instead of paving-stones, was beaten down, when the few remaining insurgents were put to route by a bayonet charge of the *Garde Nationale Mobile*, and the street remained in possession of the troops.

Here then was the mystery cleared up. Here was the cause of the extreme and tenacious observance of orders. First, they did not know when the attack would be made, and wished the street kept clear of people, and secondly, they, by refusing all permission to pass, cut off reinforcements to the insurgents from that direction. I make no doubt that the young woman, when she saw the dangers to which she would have been exposed had she have been permitted to pass, thought, that at bottom, the conduct of the young Guard was not so rude and unkind after all.

The strife thus commenced, continued for four days, and at last ended, as we all know, in the triumph of social order and the laws.

The insurrection was a bold attempt at the distraction of the ties of society, the ties that binds families together and insure to them that sweet communion and consolation to be found clustering around the family fireside. It was a bold attempt at the breaking down of the rewards of persevering industry and frugality and care. It was a war of factious and ambitious men, who led on a band of poor, deluded, starving workmen, and held out to them as reward for their toil and blood, the well-stored larders, and sumptuous apartments, and heavy purses, aye, and the blooming daughters of the rich and lordly *bourgeoise!* It was meant by the insurgents to be a war of annihilation, a re-enaction of the tragedy of '93. It was a war commenced by a party whose flag and escutcheon was to be dyed in blood, an emblem and device of the *red republic* they wished to establish.

But *that* strife is ended. The insurgents are prisoners, and some of them have already received their sentence, and have taken their departure for other and new homes. But there is another strife less easy to subdue, another war less easy to conclude. It is the war of feelings, of animosities, of hate, and now when all is quiet and calm, and Paris is guarded by tens upon tens of thousands of armed men, there is reason to fear there rankles in the hearts and spirits of its inhabitants, thoughts and longings for vengeance and for blood.

Society is diseased, and can only be made sound by the clean cutting away of the unhealthy part, the clean out-rooting of those doctrines which say property is a theft, society a farce, and the family ties mere privileges!

But to return to our true and faithful Guard and his pretty victim. Nine weeks after the rencontre above described, as I was walking past the Church of *St. Etienne-du Mont*, situated near the Pantheon, my attention was attracted to the Church by an unusual number of carriages standing before it. This Church, an old monument of the middle ages, in which the tombs of Pascal, Racine, Rollin, and other celebrated men, was turned into a fort by the insurgents, and was considerably battered by cannon and musket balls. As I wished to see if the many fine paintings and statues had been injured, and wished also to see what and who the carriages were waiting for, I entered and was happy to find the interior had fared better in the strife, than the exterior. The carriages were waiting for a wedding party, and as I entered the robed Priest was joining together a man and a woman in holy wedlock—but what was my surprise, when I saw the faces of the parties most immediately concerned. The happy bridegroom was the very Guard of the 23rd of June, and his blushing and beautiful bride was no less a person than she whose tears and entreaties and prayers, he had on that occasion so obstinately disregarded. After their departure I inquired of a Church officer who and what the parties were. He placed in my hands a paper, from which I learned that the husband was an advocate, and his wife the daughter of a rich city proprietor.

This happy end of so stormy a beginning, shows among other things, the cause of his eagerness to learn the number of the residence of the lady which she, thinking only of getting home, so frankly gave him, and which, it seems, he so faithfully remembered, and promptly profited by, to, it is to be hoped, the final happiness of all concerned. O. Y.

[Correspondence Philadelphia Sat. Post.

HORTICULTURAL.

Extract from the speech of Hon. R. C. Winthrop, at the Festival of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society:

Horticulture does little to supply the physical wants of man. The great crops and harvests by which the world is fed, are the products of a sterner treatment of the soil — ever-honored Agriculture, always the first art. But "man does not live by bread alone." There is food for the soul, the mind, the heart, no less essential to his true subsistence, required not merely by the educated and refined, but by all who have souls, minds or hearts within them. And whence can the toiling millions of our race obtain a more abundant or a more wholesome supply of this food than from the beauties of nature as developed at their own doors, beneath their own feet and by their own hands, by the exquisite processes of horticulture!

It has been said that an undevout astronomer is mad. But we need not look up to the skies for incentives to devotion. We need not employ telescopes to find evidences of Beneficence. There are

"Stars of the morning, dew drops, which the Sun
Impearls on every leaf and every flower,"

whose lessons are legible to the unassisted eye. The flowers themselves, with their gorgeous hues and inimitable odors, and which seem in the economy of nature, to have no other object but to minister to the gratification and delight of man—who can resist their quiet teachings! What companions are they to those who will only take them into their company, and cherish their society, and listen to their charming voices! Who ever parts from them without pain, that has once experienced their disinterested and delightful friendship!

I know not in the whole range of ancient or modern poetry, a strain more touching or more true to nature, than that in which the great English bard has presented Eve bidding farewell to her flowers:—

"Oh flowers,
That never will in other climate grow,
My early visitation, and my last
At even, which I bred up with tender hand
From the first opening bud, and gave ye names!
Who now shall rear ye to the sun, or rank
Your tribes, and water from the ambrosial fount?"

We know not what were those flowers, that never could in other climate grow. We may know hereafter. But such as we have, there are daughters of Eve here present, I doubt not, with whom to be deprived of them, would well nigh partake of the bitterness of a Paradise lost.

But let me hasten to relieve you, ladies and gentlemen, from the too sombre, if not too sentimental, train of remark into which I have been betrayed. My reverend friends who have preceded me, will have already regarded me as poaching on their premises. Let me add but a single other idea, as the subject of the sentiment which I shall offer in conclusion.

We are accustomed to designate certain arts as the Fine Arts, and I would be the last to disparage their claim to this distinguished title. They furnish to our halls of state and to the mansions of the wealthy, paintings and sculpture which cannot be too highly prized. But horticulture, in its most comprehensive sense, is emphatically the Fine Art of common life. It is eminently a Republican Fine Art. It distributes its productions with equal hand to the rich and the poor. Its implements may be wielded by every arm, and its results appreciated by every eye. It decorates the dwelling of the humblest laborer with undoubted *originals*, by the oldest masters, and places within his daily view fruit pieces, such as *Van Huysum* never painted and landscapes such as *Poussin* could only copy. Let me say, then,

Horticulture: Its best Exhibitions are in the village garden and the cottage window; and its best Festivals in the humble homes which it adorns and in the humble hearts which it refines and elevates.

CANINE FIDELITY.

We copy the following interesting narrative from the Hamilton (Canada West) Spectator:

On Saturday night, a man residing in East Market street, found in that part of the city called More's Survey, a child of six or eight years of age, sitting on the road side and crying bitterly. The child was attended by a Newfoundland dog, which attempted to pacify its companion by lying beside him and licking his face. The man took the boy in his arms and brought him to the engine house, thinking that the parents would be more likely to hear of their child there than any other place. The dog followed quietly, and upon Mr Rykman, whose humanity and care are well known, making a bed for the child, the dog testified its delight by jumping about the room and licking the host and child alternately. The boy being comfortably bedded for the night, the dog took his post beside him and could not be coaxed from the spot. During the night Mr. Rykman had occasion to go into the room, but the moment he crossed the threshold, the dog, who was so docile when he left, became furiously enraged, and actually drove him out of the room, at least as quickly as he entered. Neither coaxing nor scolding had the slightest effect upon the faithful animal, he had taken the child under his protection, and appeared determined to perform his duty. Early in the morning another member of the family, who was not aware they had visitors, went into the room, but he had hardly placed a foot inside when he was furiously attacked by the dog, and compelled to decamp. Before doing so, however, he seized a chair to defend himself, and broke it to pieces over the dog, without producing any other effect than rendering him more savage and determined than before. Finding it impossible either to get into his room or to coax the dog out of it, or awaken the child, Mr. Rykman procured assistance, and an entry was effected simultaneously by the door and window. Still the dog remained resolute; he would permit no one to approach the child, and it was actually necessary to beat him severely with clubs ere he could be driven out of the house. This being at last effected, the dog started off as rapidly as it could, and in the course of a couple of hours returned, accompanied by the child's mother, jumped into the room, and began licking and fondling its little companion! Even then it was with difficulty that the woman could prevent the dog from flying at those who had been compelled, in self-defence, to beat and drive him from the house.—The woman said she had been in search of the child all night without success, and that in crossing the common near Dundrun, she saw the dog following her at the top of his speed. Upon reaching his mistress the faithful animal immediately caught her by the dress and pulled in the direction of the town. The woman, aware of the intelligence of the animal, and knowing that it had accompanied the boy when he strayed from home, followed, in the certainty that she would be taken to her child whether dead or alive,—Nor was she disappointed. The woman lives on a point beyond the marsh, at least two miles from the town, and she thinks that the dog on leaving the engine house went straight home, and finding its mistress absent, got upon her track and followed it until he found her. Not the least interesting fact that we have to narrate, in this rambling sketch, is, that the moment the woman and child left the house, the dog became perfectly quiet, and even made advances towards a reconciliation with those he had so savagely assailed a few hours before. [Spirit of the Times.

Arrival Extraordinary. A number of young ladies who went to the West as teachers, under the auspices of Gov. Slade, Miss Beecher, and others, arrived in Cincinnati on Monday week. The Gazette says:—The only serious objections to the feasibility of this plan, which occurs to us, is that! his army of instructors will need renewing as often as our army in Mexico. The Yankee girls make good teachers, beyond all doubt, but they also make excellent wives and mothers, and if Governor Slade don't find his young lady volunteers *deploying* to the right and left in these new lines of service, we shall lose our *guess*."

So be it. They will do more good to the forming communities of the West, as wives and mothers, than as teachers. We wish an army of them could invade the valley of the Mississippi, and reduce all the hardy young yeomanry in it under the matrimonial yoke. God bless New England —While her sons move the nation with their enterprize, her daughters sanctify its homes, and educate its rising generations for the noble destinies of the future. Where do you find in this nation an onward movement, of an intellectual or moral kind, in which a New Englander has not a hand!

Luxury. In the time of Henry VIII, we find directions 'to examine every night, the *straw* of the King's bed, that no daggers might be concealed therein.' A writer in 1577, mentions three things in England, 'marvellously altered for the worse; the multitude of chimneys lately erected; the increase of lodgings; and the exchange of tureen (earthen) platters into pewter, and wooden spoons into silver and tin.'

A Shop Window Cat.—*An Aesthetic Anecdote.* A small crowd gathered before a window, recently, to admire the figure of a cat that was there, as if for public inspection. Nearly every one was delighted with its likeness to life.

'But still,' said Augustus, 'there are faults in it; it is far from perfect; observe the defect in the fore-shortening of that paw, now; and the expression of that eye, too, is bad; besides the mouth is too far down under the chin, while the whiskers look as if they were coming out of her ears. It is too short, too,—but, as if to obviate this defect, the figure stretched itself and rolled over in the sun.

'It is a cat, I vow,' said a bystander.

'It's alive!' shouted an urchin, clapping both his hands.

'Why, it's only a cat, arter all,' exclaimed Mrs. Partington, as she surveyed it through her specs; but Augustus moved on, disappointed that nature had fallen so far short of his ideas of perfection in the manufacture of cats.

ABBE SIBOUR.—PIERRE LEROUX.

From the very interesting foreign correspondence of Littell's Living Age, under date of Sept. 13, we select a few more paragraphs.

The Abbe Sibour on Sunday Labor.—Attendance on Public Worship in France. On Saturday last, the Abbe Sibour, a member, and brother of the new archbishop, moved that the public works should be intermitted on Sundays, so that the workmen, duly inclined, might attend religious worship. He argued, in a brief and beautiful discourse, that observance of the Sabbath was both morally and physically best for the people. Cries on all sides—'But the laboring classes must eat on Sunday;—better for them to work than to spend their wages in the tippling houses.' The abbe urged the edifying example of republican America; but this motion was not even seconded. The minister of commerce contended against him, with a final declaration that the intermission was absolutely impossible. The *National* sneers, and says, 'The Abbe Sibour got nothing from the Assembly: he showed, however, a very pretty knack at preaching. The law of 1814, on the observance of Sundays and religious festivals, fell stone dead under the monarchy; it is not likely to be reanimated by the republic.' The abbe might have protested about the grand military reviews on the Sabbath, which draw a third of the population of the capital to the Champe de Mars. My impression is that not a tenth, perhaps not a twentieth, partake of any religious service or ideas on the Sunday. Females form the great majority in all the churches of France. The progress of Protestantism is slow, or doubtful; the difficulty is to create a sense of the importance of the subject.

Discussion on the Duration of Daily Labor. Pierre Leroux. On Saturday, the Assembly revoked the decree of the provisional government, which limited daily labor to ten hours in Paris, and eleven in the provinces. The substitution of twelve hours for the whole country was adopted after abundant debate, and with a reserve for contracts which leaves, virtually, a universal option. Four ci-devant workmen—representatives—delivered their opinions in good style, and, what is remarkable, all reasoned against limitation except for children. Philosopher Leroux exclaimed: 'Deceived generations have applauded Napoleon's phrase—I do not like *ideologists—ideologues*.' Many voices, 'He was very much in the right;' others—'Nor do we either.' But the Assembly are obliged to bear with interminable lectures of algebraic abstraction, made up of pages from old articles of pamphlets and reviews. 'You are radically incapable of understanding me,' said Proudhon. 'Perfectly true,' vociferated the floor. Last week Leroux concluded a huge chapter with the encouraging assurance: 'A constitution is indispensable; but a good one is impossible.' He was deafened with —'Now, Mr. Pierre Leroux, give us your secret —your practical science—your machine—your principle. You are negation personified.'—Pierre could afford no help; and a motion (yet undecided) was submitted that no member should deliver from the tribune what he had printed for the public.

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